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Poetry.

THE LITTLE-RED-APPLE TREE.

The little-red-apple tree!
Oh, the little red-apple tree!
When I was the little-est bit of a boy,
And you were a boy with me!
The bluebirds flight from the topmost boughs,
And the boys up there—so high
That we rocked over the roof of the house
And whooped as the winds went by!

Ho! the little-red-apple tree!
With the garden beds below,
And the old grape-arbor so welcomely
Hiding the rake and hoe—
Hiding, too, as the sun dripped through
In spatters of wasted gold,
Frank and Amy away from you
And me, in the days of old.

Ah! the little-red-apple tree!
In the edge of the garden spot,
Where the apples fell so lavishly
Into the neighbor's lot—
So do I think of you,
Brother of mine, as the tree—
Giving the ripest wealth of your love
To the world as well as me.

Oh, the little-red-apple tree!
Sweet as the juiciest fruit
Sponged on the palate spicily,
And rolled o'er the tongue to boot,
Is the memory still and the joy
Of the little-red-apple tree,
When I was the little-est bit of a boy
And you were a boy with me!
—[James Whitcomb Riley in St. Nicholas.

To a Lost Love.

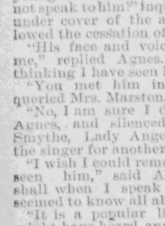
Oh, thou art cold! In that high sphere
Thou art a thing apart,
Leading the manner happiness
This madness of the heart.

And yet, at times, thou still shalt feel
A passing breath, a pain;
Disturbed, as though a door in heaven
Had oped and closed again.

And thou shalt shiver, while the hymns,
The solemn hymns shall cease;
A moment half remembers me,
Then turn away to peace.
—The Academy.

Our Story Teller.

LADY ANGELA'S LION.



LADY ANGELA SMYTHE was filled with a passion for novelty; her tastes were decidedly catholic, and nothing that was original came amiss to her. Therefore it was no marvel to her friends when she fell in raptures about a certain Marchese di San Floriano, who was good-looking, possessed an imposing title, and, in addition, could play a little instrument she called a "mandolinetta," sing delightful (and quite incomprehensible) Italian ditties, and make delicious sweetmeats, whereof he was in the habit of sending little packets to his friends.

One hot evening in June her drawing room was specially crowded, as a whole constellation of "particular stars" was gathered, and she and her niece, an enthusiastic young lady of 22, were extremely busy among the guests, introducing and entertaining them, when there was a small stir in the doorway, and Lady Angela extended her hand in greeting to a slight, dark young fellow with a carefully trimmed mustache, who was carrying under his arm a diminutive guitar.

"Ah, Marchese," she said, "I feared you would not come, you are so late."

The young man bowed gracefully as he made his excuses, and his hostess placing her hand on his arm, led him across the room to be introduced to several of her friends.

"Vella, Marquis," she said at length, as she paused in front of a pretty girl in a pale blue dress, who was accompanied by a handsome lady in black velvet, "this young lady has come all the way from Windsor to hear your delightful music."

Agnes Sherard, as the young lady was named, could hardly suppress a smile as she murmured a few words in response, and Lady Angela, being called away at the moment, left the Marchese to improve the acquaintance. Agnes, however, though a genial girl, with plenty to say, seemed seized with an unaccountable fit of silence, and her cousin, Mrs. Marston, was obliged to take up the conversation until the Italian was summoned to the music room to "give one of his delightful ballads." Here, seated on a low divan, with his little guitar slung across his shoulders by a broad red ribbon, he thrummed a few cords and sung, in a pleasant tenor voice, an air with a refrain in valse time, very much like the popular "Santa Lucia."

"Agnes, why do you stare at that poor young man so intently, and why did you not speak to him?" inquired Mrs. Marston, under cover of the applause which followed the cessation of the music.

"His face and voice seem familiar to me," replied Agnes. "I can not help thinking I have seen him before."

"You met him in Rome, perhaps!" queried Mrs. Marston.

"No, I am sure I did not," answered Agnes, and silenced ensued, as Miss Smythe, Lady Angela's niece, begged the singer for another ballad.

"I wish I could remember where I have seen him," said Agnes. "Perhaps I shall when I speak to him again. I seemed to know all about that song."

"It is a popular little cazonnet you might have heard anywhere," said Mrs. Marston, who was becoming a little tired of Agnes's preoccupation.

They did not again speak to the Marchese, who remained all the time, till his early departure, in the music room; and the circumstances soon faded from Mrs. Marston's mind. Agnes, who shortly returned to her home in the country, thought sometimes of the young Italian, and told her mother about him. In the course of a few weeks they heard that he was seen everywhere with Lady Angela and her neice, and Agnes was told that she had better be prepared to attend the wedding of her friend, Florence Smythe, as the Marchese evidently intended taking back to chese evidently intended taking back to his Italian estates an English Marchesa!

One morning, amongst a pile of letters on her breakfast table, Mrs. Sherard found a note, with an invitation to a picnic, from Lady Angela.

"I should like to go mother," said Agnes, as she read it. "It is to be in Lord Hilderton's park, and you know how lovely it must be there now. We have been talking of spending a day there ourselves."

"Yes, we can easily drive over," said Mrs. Sherard, as she rose from the breakfast table.

"Perhaps I shall meet the Marchese again," said Agnes.

"My dear, I shall begin to think the Italian has made an impression on you," said her mother with a smile. "I am sure you have mentioned him half a dozen times."

The day of the picnic was an exquisite one and Mrs. Sherard and her daughter enjoyed their drive through the lovely Berkshire lanes, and were charmed with the spot chosen for the gathering.

The first greetings over, Miss Smythe said to Agnes: "There has been such an accident! The box of meringues has been left behind, and a large case of eggs put in instead. Auntie has been in despair, but our dear Marchese has come to the rescue, and is actually making omlets for us. He is so clever and funny. Do come and help him." As she spoke, followed by Mrs. Sherard and Agnes, she led the way to a small copse, where, against a background of firs, a table was placed, on which were arranged piles of eggs and sundry basins, plates and jugs, while one or two girls were chopping ham and herbs. A small fire-place of bricks had been hastily constructed, the smoke from which was curling in blue wreaths in the summer air, while the center figure of the group was the Marchese, who, in a costume of white flannel, and with a serviette round his waist and a cap of white paper on his head, was, at the moment of the arrival of our party, removing the frying-pan from the fire, and dexterously sliding its contents to a dish held by a laughing girl for the purpose.

"Good gracious! it is Giuseppe!" exclaimed Agnes, turning to her mother.

"My dear, what do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Sherard, in astonishment. Miss Smythe had hastened toward the group engaged in cookery, and so, fortunately, did not hear the remark.

"Mother," said Agnes, "it is the handsome little cook who used to be at Vico when we were in the pension. You would have remembered him if you had heard him sing. We had to ask him to leave off bringing his guitar out to the terrace in the evenings when you were so ill."

"I recollect him quite well," said Mrs. Sherard, who had been attentively scanning the group.

"It is dreadful!" exclaimed Agnes. "What a wicked imposter he is."

"Hush, my dear," said her mother: "we must think of Lady Angela. It would distress her so much if we were to expose him. I will consider during luncheon what we can do. Be silent for the present."

After the meal was concluded the young people rose and strolled about the lovely glades of the woods, while some clustered round the Marchese, who, seated on a mossy mound at the foot of a spreading beech, made a most picturesque figure, with the colored ribbon of the mandolinetta clutching the sunlight as he sang one of his little songs.

"Where did you meet the Marchese?" inquired Mrs. Sherard of Lady Angela. "Have you known him long?"

"Oh, no, was the reply. "We are so intimate, though, that it seems as if he had been our friend for years. He was introduced to me by my old friend, Mrs. Hawkins, who met him, I think, in Naples. She wrote, asking me to do all I could for her protege. She said I should find him very clever, but she did not tell me he was so musical."

"Was he an old friend of hers," pursued Mrs. Sherard.

"She did not tell me so; but I think he must have been, for she mentioned him as Giuseppe Rondini, and did not even say he was a Marquis. He is such a dear fellow," continued the enthusiastic lady; "and I am not at all surprised that my dear Florence has become attached to him."

"Is he then engaged to your niece?" inquire Mrs. Sherard, a touch of anxiety she could not repress finding its way into her voice.

"No, not exactly," replied Lady Angela, "but he is devoted in his attentions, and dear Florence confided in me last night that she would have no hesitation in accepting him; and I feel sure she loves him deeply."

Perplexed and agitated, Mrs. Sherard did not pursue the conversation, but determined to lose no time in carrying out the plan that had suggested itself to her at luncheon. She therefore joined the group under the beech tree, and, drawing Agnes aside, explained to her what she intended to do; than, as the music ceased and the singer rose, she requested he should be introduced to her, and, while conversing, drew him down a charming glade which led to a summer house overlooking the lake, and quite away from the guests.

Directly they were out of earshot of the party, Agnes said to him in Italian, "Giuseppe Rondini, have you forgotten the pension Sigparelli at Vico."

They were fortunately just within the shelter of the little summer house, for the poor Marchese, with a cry of anguish and a gesture of despair, fell on his knees in front of the ladies as he exclaimed:

"Oh, signorina! pity me. I am of men the most unhappy."

This behavior on the part of the imposter was decidedly unexpected, and, bidding the youth rise, Mrs. Sherard, in whose kind heart pity strove with anger, proceeded to question the ex-cook.

"How came you here, pretending to be a Marquis?" she said sternly.

"Oh, signorina, it has all been a mistake!" said the poor boy—for he was really little more.

"Tell us everything," said Mrs. Sherard. "I am anxious to spare Lady Angela the sorrow it would cause her to know how you have deceived her; and if you tell me the truth, I will try to help you."

"Yes, signora," said the lad, and, striving to check his tears, he proceeded to tell his story, partly in Italian, partly in English.

Miladv 'Aukins, as Giuseppe called her, had been much pleased with his cooking while she staid at the pension, and had taken him into her own service. After some months the illness of a son compelled her to leave Italy for Egypt, and she promised to aid him in obtaining a situation as chef in England. To this end she had written to enlist the services of Lady Angela, but very hurriedly, and had only asked help for her "clever protege, Giuseppe Rondini," leaving him to tell his own tale of his capabilities and requirements.

"But how was it possible your were taken for a marquis?" inquired Mrs. Sherard at this point.

"Ah, signora, there is my folly—my sin!" and the youth's tears began to stream afresh, as he explained that the envelope in which he carried his cards, with "Guiseppe Rondini Cuciniere" on them contained also a card of his patron, the Marchese di San Floriano, who had kindly permitted him to use his name if a reference were required. This card he had given in mistake for his own to Lady Angela's footman, who in stentorian tones had announced him by that title to a roomful of ladies and gentlemen who were sipping afternoon tea, on the very afternoon when Lady Angela had received the letter from Mrs. Hawkins about her "clever protege."

"I did not understand at first what had happened," exclaimed poor Giuseppe; "and when I did I lacked the courage to speak. The lady was so kind, all the signorini were so good, it was just like a masquerade, and it seemed so easy to be a Marchese in Inghilterra. I did not mean to go on in deceit, but every day made it more difficult to reveal the truth; and, oh, milado, 'elp me, forgive me!" he continued, turning his tear-laden eyes first to one lady, then to the other. "But I fear the English signora she believe I lof her! but I do not. I am so frightened when I think of it, and her uncle he talk to me, and ask me of my 'amiglia,' and I know not what to do!"

"Indeed, Giuseppe," said Mrs. Sherard, as he concluded, "you have been very wicked; but I hope you did not know how wrong it was, and for Lady Angela's sake I will help you. You must write to-morrow to her and say you regret you can not see her again."

"But I can not write," said poor Giuseppe, "and I know not how to say it."

"How, then, have you replied to Lady Angela's notes?" inquired Agnes.

"I do go to a man who writes letters for Italians," was the answer. "He lives in a place where there are many of us; they call it Lester square."

"Where do you live, and how have you been able to dress and present so good an appearance?" was the next inquiry.

"Ah!" said Giuseppe, 'my uncle at Vico he died, and left me his little money that I might travel to England and become 'chef de cuisine,' and I had my wages from Miladi 'Aukins, who was generous like all English ladies. Then the Marchese gave me clothes—many clothes. His son, my foster-brother, is dead, and I wear these!" said he as he touched his garments. "But my money is nearly gone, and I know not what to do. I have been a 'miserable' ever since I saw the signora in London; I felt she would remember me!"

Mrs. Sherard did not prolong the conversation, and cautioning Giuseppe he should plead a headache to account for his depression of spirits and woe-begone appearance, the trio rejoined the party.

The sequel is soon told. Mrs. Sherard obtained a good situation for Giuseppe in the house of a friend in Yorkshire who possessed a large establishment, and thither the youth betook himself a week or two after the memorable picnic, becoming light-hearted again as soon as he found himself in his proper sphere, and once more surrounded by his congenial pots and pans, while his absence was accounted for to Lady Angela in some beautifully written letters, announcing first the "indisposition," and then the departure for an "appointment," of the Marchese, who deeply deplored his inability to bid adieu in person to his "stimatissime signorini."

It is to be hoped that no freak of fate or fortune will send Miss Florence Smythe to the kitchen of Barton Towers, the Yorkshire mansion where Giuseppe now wields the frying-pan, or will ever introduce her to the real Marchese di San Floriano, who has enjoyed a hearty laugh over the confusion of Giuseppe Rondini, sent him by command of Mrs. Sherard. Miss Smythe posed during the whole of the winter as the victim of an unfortunate, romantic attachment, but, according to later accounts, is now consoled by the attentions of a German Graf, with a name as long as his beard, the possessor of vast estates in Pomerania.—[Cassell's Magazine.

Proved an Alibi.

"Nick Durfee," said the Court sternly, "you have been convicted of stealing Major Ransom's prize merino ram. Have you anything to say why you should not be sentenced to the penitentiary for one year?"

"Yes, sah; I kin prove er alibi."

"Prove an alibi? Wasn't the ram's skin found under your bed? And didn't you tell the Major that you stole the ram?"

"Yes, sah, I did for sho. But 'twuz jes' like dis, Jedge. I wen over ter de Majer's dat night ter borrow er lan'. But de Majer he war'n dar, an' jes' as I wuz comin' way I ran up gin dis hyar old ram. I didn't want no truck wid dat ram, kaze I done knowed 'im, gwine on ten year. But dat ar ram wuz wid er feeroshus beas' he wuz, an' dar I wuz wid er twelve-rail fence berhine me an' dis ragin' mad ram right in front uv me. Wat could I do? Jedge, would you er stood dar an' let dat wil' beas' 'stroy you off n de face uv de yuth an' nuver do nothin' ter save yo' se'f? De onlies' thing I could do wuz ter kill dat ram right on de spot. I had ter do it, Jedge, or he would a killed me. I had to do it in self-defence."

"But what did you carry him home, for?"

"Hi, Jedge! You er white gemmen wid eddycation ax question like dat. 'Twouldn't been right fer me ter leave dat kyarcase dar ter rot w'ile de Majer was 'way f'um home. Dat ain't no way fer Christian man ter do. So I tuk it long wid me. An' I wuz jes' gittenready ter go over an' tell de Majer 'bout it w'en he come wid de constable. Yes, sah; I kin prove alibi."—[Chicago Herald.

The Fashion for Literary Fads.

The manner in which people nowadays, especially people who affect a literary turn of mind, make an idol of a particular author and devote much time to the interpretation and dissemination of his work, may be a very good thing in a pecuniary and social point of view for the author temporarily lionized; but even he finds before a great while how fickle have proven his admirers, for some new claimant appears and the old idol is cast aside. It was Browning, just as that great, but at times enigmatic, poet was nearing the shadow of the grave; but he had not closed his eyes upon the world before the fickle followers of a fad turned to a Norwegian literary divinity, and all the attention and interest that was Browning's became Ibsen's. Ibsen now is being ignored, for from the Orient comes a new literary star in the person of Rudyard Kipling, who will in turn be eclipsed by some other candidate for fad dignity, as have his predecessors.

Fashion is as fickle in the selection of idols as in the matter of raiment, and the craze for something new constantly asserts itself. If the making an idol of an author could by any means become educational in its tendency—could lend to a close and careful study of his work and prove in it to author himself a healthy stimulant for the production of the best of which he was capable—then we might feel disposed to look upon the popular tendency with toleration, but the ridiculous extent to which this idolatry is carried, the fact that the writer is held up merely because it happens to be the fashion to lionize him, must rob the fad of any respect from sensible people, save as a means of keeping its votaries out of worse mischief.

With so much that is good in current literature, and the necessity for keeping thoroughly abreast of the time in acquaintance with what is really helpful and entertaining, the real student has not the time to waste in idle worship of a particular author. All of the best authors should be studied and honored as they deserve, studied for the instruction and the pleasure they are capable of giving, not because they may receive the paltry credentials of fashion, but because they are deserving of such consideration by a clearer light and with much than any such transitory and superficial indorsement.—[Boston Courier.

Tolstoi's False Views of Women.

The story of "The Kreutzer Sonata" seems to have been written for the purpose of showing that women is at fault; that she has no right to be attractive, no right to be beautiful; and that she is morally responsible for the contour of her throat, for the pose of her body, for the symmetry of her limbs, for the red of her lips, for the dimples in her cheeks. The opposite of this doctrine is nearer true. It would be far better to hold people responsible for their ugliness than for their beauty. It may be true that the soul, the mind, in some wonderous way fashions the body, and that to that extent every individual is responsible for his looks. It may be that the man or woman thinking high thoughts will give, necessarily, a nobility to expression and a beauty to outline. It is not true that the sins of man can be laid justly at the feet of women. Women are better than men; they have greater responsibilities; they bear the burdens of joy. This is the real reason why their faults are considered greater. Men and women desire each other, and this desire is a condition of civilization, progress and happiness, and of everything of real value. But there is this profound difference in the sexes; in man this foundation is the desire of love, while in woman love is the foundation of this desire.—[Ingersoll, in North American Review.

A Nervy Man.

"Do you see that man there in the lanudry?" asked the guard of a visitor whom he was showing through the penitentiary a few days since. "Well, sir, that man is no doubt the nerviest man inside of these walls."

Visitor (interested)—Indeed! "

Guard—Yes, sir, no doubt of it. Now we have a man in here who faced the shot and shell from the musket and mortar on the field of Shiloh and never flinched even after receiving two painful gunshot wounds. We have another who had a gang of outlaws on the plains for years and perhaps killed more men than any other man now alive. He wasn't afraid of man nor beast. We have still another man here who, with one pal, held up an express train and robbed over 50 passengers, and was as cool about it as if he had been passing the contribution box at church; but that man yonder beats them all for nerve.

Visitor (very much interested)—You don't say? And may I ask what he was sentenced for?

Guard—Certainly, sir; he was received here last winter on a three years' sentence for bigamy. That man had six living wives. Oh, I tell you he's got nerve."—[Chicago Herald.

Green-haired Men in Nevada.

There is a curious effect wrought on the hair and beard of men engaged in the Martin White mine at Ward. The ore is roasted, but on a disagreeable person arise from the heating process, yet there is some unknown substance that changes the hair, beard, and eyebrows as green as grass. The hair is not injured, but retains its softness and gloss. It is probable that fumes of the green tint of copper contained in the ore change the hair to that color.—[Virginia City Chronicle.

Singer's Team Was Tandem.

Singer, the man who invented sewing machines, had four wives. Brigham Young never invented anything but a miserable religion that was not needed.—[N. O. Picayune.

Accounted For.

Customer—Seems to me that razor is rather dull.

Barber—Mought be, sah. It was to a paliy las' night, sah.—[New York Weekly.

DON'T WANT A THERMOMETER

The Rural Texan Has No Use Whatever for One.

"Can I sell you a thermometer to-day?" inquired a young man at the back door of a farm house.

"What's them?" demanded a hoarse voice from the echoing corridors of a large kitchen, and the manipulator of the voice loomed up in his shirt sleeves.

"Thermometers," answered the youth.

"What are they good for?"

"To indicate the temperature."

"What temperature?"

"The temperature of the atmosphere where they are located."

"Reg'late the weather, eh?"

"No, they don't exactly regulate the weather, but they indicate it. In other words, they tell you just how hot or cold it is by easy reference to a graduated scale running from 40° below zero to far above boiling point."

"Say, confound yer picter, don't you s'pose we know when we're cold and when we're overheating ourselves?"

"Certainly, but then"——

"What in thunder do we want of a thermometer? Don't you s'pose ef I was cold now I'd put on my coat? Mebbe you think I haven't got a coat. Even ef I hadn't got a coat, couldn't I sell a two-year-old and git me one?"

"Yes, certainly, but that is not the idea. You know some seasons are hotter or colder than others, and oftentimes it is a satisfaction to know just how much they vary."

"Well, darn your hide, ef I'm too warm—ef any of us is too warm—can't we peel ourselves; can't we shuck off every last rag an' go in swimmin'? Come, now, what do you say to that, eh?"

"But then there are other uses for a reliable thermometer. You make butter, do you see?"

"Yes, sir, we churn once a day regular. We've made butter afore you was weaned."

"Yes—well, you may not have noticed it, but butter never comes until the cream has reached a certain temperature. By the application of one of these thermometers you can readily ascertain the exact temperature of the cream, and——"

"And let Bob stand around the room idling away time waiting for Jersey cream to heat up. No, sir; it won't go down, that kind of argument won't. Bob's hired to work, not to watch a scientific rattletrap, and when the butter don't come I say to Bob: 'You keep on churnin',' and he shakes her up for all that's out. We don't want none of yer thermometers. We hain't got no use fer 'em. You'd better go hum an' go to work, young man, afore you git too cranky for this world. I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see you around here next summer with some kind of contraption to tell us to go in when it rains. Sure you haven't got something to tell us when it's sundown?"—[Texas Siftings.

A Boston Maid at 21.

A pretty blonde girl in a blue gown came down Beacon street the oth r day with a formidable-looking document in in her hand. A friend who encountered her asked:

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to City Hall," she said.
"What to do there, my pretty maid?"
"To pay for my poll," smiling she said.

Her friend went with her. Her formidable document set forth her name and residence. "I," she replied patriotism," said the girl of the blonde poll that was shortly to be taxed, "and I was 21 the other day, so I thought I'd lose no time in being registered." It was worth while to go to City Hall with her. She was beckoned to a corner by an uplifted finger; she handed her document over a rail. "Hold up your hand," said the official who took her name, and she bowed with solemnity as the oath was administered. She was told that she must pay her tax later, and she was quickly in the street again with her friend. One of the women at a table near the door had given her a circular and told her that 8,000 women of Boston have registered to vote on school questions. "We girls must be assessed every time," said the blonde votary of patriotism. "Then you don't do it because you think it's your duty?" "Why, no; I like to. I'm 21, you know," with a joyful smile. She was plainly rejoicing in reaching her majority. Well, why not, since she mends her small brother's clothes and pants charmingly, and combines domestic and artistic virtues with her civic ones.—[Boston Transcript.

Bound Not to Get Left.

He had come from the west to see Boston. One evening a moment or two after leaving his lodgings he was seen to take a knife from his pocket, cut a deep gash in a tree, and walk on. He repeated this at intervals along the street.

Cautious as he seemed to think himself, his mutilations had not escaped the notice of several citizens, who felt a sort of "woodman, spare that tree" veneration for the tall maples.

"Say, mister," said a burly citizen, approaching the stranger, "Don't you think you had better let them trees alone? Too early for sap, you know."

"I don't care for sap," was the reply.

"Then what in the deuce are you driving at with that toad-sticker?"

"Well, what do you suppose! Here I've been in this ere town three days and haven't been able to find my way home once. I walked around the common three times last night, and then had to hire a cab. Why don't yer straighter up yer streets? But I don't mean to get left to-night. I'll know this street when I strike it. I'll feel my way by those nicks in the trees."

A humble apology for the streets on the part of the Bostonian followed. Finally a map of Boston was presented to the stranger on condition that he would spare the trees.—[Buffalo Express.

The Fog.

A new story is told about the sharpness and briskness of the captains of the trans-Atlantic steamships. On a recent voyage of one of the well known vessels plying between here and Europe, one of the passengers, a woman, pestered the captain to death with unnecessary questions. Some heavy weather set in, and owing to the fog and rain, the ship's officers were unable to make their usual observations. When the captain came down to dinner on the afternoon his persecutor was waiting for him.

"Rough weather, captain," she said.

"Somewhat."

"A good deal of rain."

"A good deal."

"Pretty heavy fog."

"Yes, it is."

"So heavy, I understand, that you could not make your observations."

"Yes," gruffly, "but not heavy enough to prevent you from making yours."—[New York Tribune.

Sure Signs.

In the Grand Central depot: Stranger—Have you seen Hank Smith, of Rochester, get off the cars this morning?

Doorkeeper—A Rochester man came in on the last train.

Stranger—How do you know he was from that city?

Doorkeeper—Because he wore a white straw hat, had on white stockings and low shoes and inquired the way to the Bowery.

Stranger—That's Hank.—[Judge.

The Maid Knew Him.

Mistress (to her maid)—Did any one call during my absence, Marie?

Marie—Yes, madame; M. Pommier.

"M. Pommier? I don't know such a man."

"I know him, madame. He came to see me."—[Texas Siftings.

A Suspicious Question.

Col. Hooks—Well, Pete, I offered five dollars reward for the return of the dog; and, as you've brought him in, here's the money.

Pete Jacksing—Thanks, boss; an' say—if de dawg dun got stole—dat am lost, agin, would yer offer de same reward agin, sah?—[Light.

Worn Out in a Good Cause.

"You seem to be rather battered," said the signet ring to a solitaire, as they lay side by side in the pawnbroker's show-case.

"I have figured in many engagements," replied the latter, sadly.—[Munsey.

WHAT IS A MARINE?

He is Like the Fifth Wheel of a Coach.

There is probably no more unhappy individual in the government service than the much-persecuted marine of the United States navy. He is neither a sailor nor a soldier, yet when it is found convenient for the regulations of either the army or the navy to govern him, they are applied without regard to his feelings. He is kicked and cuffed about by both departments indiscriminately. But when it comes to a question of possession neither branch wants him, and the result is that the marine is like the fifth wheel of a coach—he may be of use some day, but while the necessity is lacking he is spurned on all sides.

On shipboard the marine does guard duty, protects the log and gangways, prevents sailors from deserting, watches the prisoners in the brig and acts as orderly to the captain. At night he keeps his eye on the life buoy, and is supposed to drop it, if he knows how, when a man falls overboard. His usual term of duty is two hours in six, night and day. He is expected to be an expert in all the duties of a soldier, and at the same time know how to haul on ropes and pull an oar. Occasionally he comes in for a turn at the ash whip, and he must be able to scrub and holystone decks like an ancient mariner.

Between the officers and seamen the marine is in constant hot water. The sailors hate him because his duty makes him in some sort a spy, and the officers detest him because he is beyond their jurisdiction, and subject only to the orders of the marine officer and the captain. Yet, while he is nominally a leader of the riflemen of a ship's crew, he is really placed on board vessels for the suppression of mutinies, and, therefore, the protection of officers. He is paid at the same rate as a soldier, and is fed with a sailor's ration. His money is retained from him under the rules governing the army, while he cannot secure his discharge from the service under another army provision, which privilege soldiers enjoy. When the marine is stationed in a navy yard he is subjected to what is called "shore rations." A shore ration is half a sea ration, and the government says it is worth $4.50 per month. Thus a marine on shore duty must live on $4.50 worth of food per month, unless he wishes to spend his wages. Yet suppose the marine is doing service on receiving ships, which always are stationed at navy yards, he is immediately considered to be on sea duty and entitled to a sea ration, and yet the duty is exactly the same.

Numerous efforts have been put forth to discover, if possible, to which branch of the service marines belong. The marines themselves would like very much to find out, especially as those who have grown tired of the service and who are willing and able to buy their discharge would like to do so, if the recently passed army regulation is applicable to them. It would be in order for Congress to define what a marine is anyhow.—[Boston Advertiser.

WOMEN AND MONEY.

Something About the Pecuniary Servitude of Wives.

Men who are rated as honorable, upright citizens, dealing justly with their fellow-men, will, when a question of money comes up, treat their wives, the mothers of their children, with less honesty than they do the tax assessor and with much less consideration than they do their office boys. The children, when not granted a certain weekly allowance, are "tipped" occasionly, but nothing goes to the wife without some haggling, duplicity or humiliation on her part. Let it be understood that reference is made solely to the pitiable state of things which so widely prevails in in the disbursing of moneys in the household and the wife's private purse. Here is an instance: For twenty years Mrs. Brown had been a faithful wife and mother, a prudent, industrious housekeeper, and a woman much beloved and respected by all her friends. Mr. Brown was rated as a prosperous business man and as generous as most men, but all this time Mrs. Brown had no money that she could absolutely call her own. The credit system prevailed, and if by any unusual means a piece of money passed into her unaccustomed palm it had to be scrupulously accounted for to the chancellor of the domestic exchequer. She was a long-suffering woman, but her soul had chafed and wora against the yoke till it was sick and sore. Still, she had too much self-respect, even under these degrading conditions, to wheedle, lie or descend to small deceptions to gain her ends, and she abhorred a "scene" as much as any man living. So the little gifts she felt like sending to a friend, the few flowers to an invalid, the bit of damask to cover a chair seat, or a small surprise to the children had to be passed by with sometimes a rising lump in her throat, which even at times developed into a good cry in private. Still, she made no remonstrance. She was proud in a certain way and she believed the existing state of things irrevokable.—[Alice E. Ives, in September Forum.

SHORT SMILES.

Every traveling Spiritualist claims to be the best circulating medium.—[Elmira Gazette.

Some men buy umbrellas, some men achieve them and some get wet and swear.—[Texas Siftings.

Say what you like, the fellow who sings at his work is pretty sure to do a humming business.—[Binghamton Republican.

He—"What do you call that dress?" She—(in aesthetic gown)—This? O, this is liberty." He—"Well, if that's liberty, give me death."—[Harper's Bazar.

"Nature," says Scappleton, "never makes a mistake." "Oh, I don't know about that, look at the dude." "Yes, but she didn't waste any brains on him."—[Washington Post.

A pity—Mr. Jones (taking his watch from under his pillow): 6 o'clock and no one has come to wake me yet! I shall certainly lose the train if they don't come soon.—[Fliegende Blatter.

Should the recount in New York add several thousands or tens of thousands to the first enumeration, Chicago will join to her incorporation another county before the week is out.—[Buffalo Commercial.

Sarcasm.

Wife—Mother is coming to visit us Charles.

Husband—Lucy, you know that your mother and I always fight.

Wife (hysterics in the distance)—Now, Charles, I don't see why you always object to my happiness, and—

Husband—All right; let her come. Anything for peace.—[Judge.

An Unspeakable Name.

"May I ask what you have been cutting out of this?" the young man inquired, as he looked at a mutilated page of the autograph album.

"It was a quotation from the—from the poet Lengthyindividual," said the Brooklyn young woman, blushing painfully.—[Chicago Tribune.

Revolt of the Mercenaries.

Captain of Roman Army—I resign my position, Cassius.

Cassius—What's the matter, Moriarty?

Captain—They are so high and mighty. I've been in the business eighteen years, and a more superlatively supercilious lot of supernumeraries I never supervised.—[Harper's Bazar.

Just as Good as Married.

A girl near this city, on being asked why she did not marry, replied: "I have considerable money of my own. I have a parrot that swears, a monkey that chews and a stove that smokes, so you can plainly see that I am not in need of a husband very badly.—[Burlington (Vt.) Independent.

A Hopeless Case.

"Can nothing more be done with the prisoner, Mr. Brief?"

"I fear not, sir."

"The legal expedients are all exhausted, are they?"

"No; but the prisoner's money is."—[Puck.

Our Serial Story.

Written Expressly for THE BLADE. Copyright 1890.

UNCLE SAM IN 1894;

A TALE OF OUR IMMEDIATE FUTURE.

"The best of prophets of the Future is the Past."—*Byron.*

CHAPTER XIV.

"A WHITE MAN'S GOVERNMENT."

THE November election was the most hotly contested the nation had ever seen. Steadily the interest had deepened throughout the campaign, until an intensity of feeling had been engendered that had never before been equalled. In workshops, offices, stores and warehouses—wherever a number of men were employed—strict orders had to be issued that the men should not discuss politics—for the reason that all work would stop the moment some controverted question was broached. Hotels had placards posted conspicuously in their lobbies and reading rooms. "Guests are requested not to discuss political topics;" and many stores, saloons, and other places where men resorted had similar notices.

This excited state of public feeling had been greatly increased by a remark, made on the impulse of the moment, by a noted Democratic leader in New York city. An enormous meeting was being held in Union Square. One of the speakers, in the midst of a very bitter attack on the Republican party and its policy, alluded to its efforts to enact a law which should secure to the negroes in the South the privilege of a free and untrammeled vote. He characterized this as an attempt to control the Union by negro votes; and, excited to the highest pitch by his own denunciations, he shouted:

"The history of the world has shown that all other races have gone down before the victorious Caucasian race. When this all conquering people reached the shores of America, it was peopled by Indians. The two races could not live on equal terms—and the red man had the choice between death and subjugation. He would not bow his neck, and died fighting. The negro accepts the yoke of inferiority. No race fit to rule would ever do that; like the Indian, it would welcome extermination first!

"When the war ended in the defeat of the Confederacy, the slaves were freed. That was a logical necessity of the war. No white man in this whole country, North or South, but is glad it was done, or would undo it. But the Republicans of the North, driven by fanatical zeal, went on and attempted to make voters out of these creatures, these men of an inferior and unworthy race.

"The whites of the South, true to their own race, refused to be ruled by an inferior people. They would have done it by law, if they could; but the so-called Fifteenth Amendment prevents that. So they did it without law—for self-preservation stands above and beyond all law.

"Now, my fellow-citizens, the attempt is again to be made to pass through Congress a law that will compel the white race to yield, and be governed by negroes! That is what the Republican party means, and that is what it will do, if you give it a majority in Congress, and allow it to elect its President. The negro——"

"D——n the nigger!" roared a stentorian voice from among the crowd.

The orator, carried away by the excitement of the moment, shouted in reply:

"Yes! D—n the nigger, and to h—l with the Fifteenth Amendment!"

His voice rang out over the thronging thousands, and a wild yell of applause arose that fairly shook the heavens. Again and again the tremendous crowd cheered the sentiment and the speaker. The band struck up, and added to the enthusiasm. The meeting broke up into squads of wildly-excited men, who paraded the streets of the metropolis, shouting the new war-cry:

"D——n the nigger, and to h—l with the Fifteenth Amendment!"

The occurrence was telegraphed all over the country that night, and appeared in the press the next day. All over the South the papers seized upon it as indicating a revolution in public sentiment in the North; and both North and South it was discussed by the press and on the stump.

Once in a while an incident occurs which causes men to frame positive opinions on a subject that previously they have not considered as worthy of discussion. That speech did this for the question of the negro vote. The matter was put in a new light. The question was no longer looked upon as one of the incidents of the changed condition of things in the South; it was no longer regarded, as it had been since Grant's second term, as a problem in citizenship which each Southern state must settle for itself; it was a question whether this is a white man's government or a negro government.

Politicians can turn such a question deftly. The bolder spirits among the Democratic campaign orators took the ground that if the Republicans should pass a law which would enforce the counting of the negro vote in the South, it would practically make the negro voters hold the balance of power in the nation; that the South would be Democratic without the colored vote, but with it, Republican; that this would carry Congress and the Presidency for the Republicans every time, and that therefore the negroes would have the power of dictating which party shall rule the entire nation; and they asked their auditors whether, now that the issue was plainly set before them, this country should have a white man's government, or a negro one?

The Republicans met the issue squarely. They denied that the question was one of race at all; they pointed out instances without number where white Republicans in the South kept away from the polls for business reasons—knowing that voting that ticket would injure their trade; they showed that in that section there was no semblance of political freedom, as there is in the North; that a man was quietly but effectually ostracised, both socially and in a business way, if he exercised his right of free speech and free voting, if he were a Republican; and that this was irrespective of the color of his skin.

They pointed out the fact, too, that there is not a negro in the United States who is not American-born; they challenged their opponents to bring forward a case of a negro getting naturalized. They showed that the negro is as much an American as any white man born in this country, and has, *per se*, as much of a right to say who shall govern him as any white man has; and they quoted Abraham Lincoln's remark that "No man is good enough to govern any other man without his consent!"

But in this country of ours, blind prejudice sometimes goes a great deal further than reason and logic. The new issue, "Is this a white man's government?" made great headway in the East, especially in the cities and manufacturing centers. In the West, it had comparatively little influence. In the South, it was on everybody's lips—that is, the lips of everybody who dare talk politics; one-half the people down there know the value of sealed lips on political issues.

Free speech is a myth in Southern politics; as much as is a free ballot. And the only liberty of the ballot a man has there is this: "You may vote as often as you like, if you like to vote our ticket." If you do not—ostracism, if you are a white man; worse, if you are a negro.

Thus, in a whirl of political excitement such as the country had never known, election day arrived. It was a turbulent one. There were bloody quarreis and mob violence at scores of places; and when night closed in every city and village was alive with people, eager to hear the news. The interest in the Presidential and the Congressional contests, of course, was overshadowing. Nobody cared who was successful in the local contest at home; the question was, who will rule the nation?

Mr. Ingham, Capt. Hartridge and a few personal friends occupied a room within a short distance of the telegraph office at Claybank, and messengers brought them duplicates of the returns as fast as they were received. There was a good deal of uncertainty until nearly midnight. True, it was assured by 10 o'clock that New York had gone Democratic by a heavy majority; but she no longer held the place of the pivotal state, and further news was needed to make certain.

But near midnight results were reached with appalling rapidity. Ohio had gone Democratic by a small majority; Indiana and Illinois had followed suit; even Iowa was trembling in the balance. The Presidency was lost!

"Well, Ingham," remarked Hartridge, "you are elected, but I fear you will be in the minority in the House."

This proved true. The returns made it certain the next day that the House was Democratic by eleven votes.

Ingham was elected, but by a reduced majority. The farmers who voted for their own candidate were Republicans; almost

Partition of Africa.

Great Britain Takes the Lion's Share—The Recent Treaties with Portugal, France and the Transvaal.

Following the noted treaty of Germany, by which she yielded up to Great Britain her claims over a vast area in Central Africa in exchange for Heligoland, came treaties with France and Portugal, and with the Transvaal, all relating to African territory. Mr. Wm. T. Stead's *Review of Reviews* discusses these treaties as follows:

The Treaty With France.

The Anglo-French agreement was signed in the beginning of August. It was negotiated on the part of France by M. Waddington, who informed his countrymen that "in exchange for concessions of small value, France had obtained solid advantages." For the surrender of a shadowy veto upon the British protectorate of Zanzibar, which lay in the hollow of England's hand, Lord Salisbury consented to recognize

BEFORE THE PORTUGUESE TREATY.

SINCE THE PORTUGUESE TREATY.

France's protectorate of all Madagascar, the largest island but two in the world, which France has never conquered, but which has been civilized and Christianized by English missionaries.

As if this were not enough, the whole of the Sahara between Algeria and Timbuctoo was handed over to the French, who were allowed to extend their sphere of influence from the Mediterranean to the borders of Lake Tchad. The Niger company claimed protectoral rights over the Niger as far as Bouroum. Lord Salisbury pushed the French frontier southward by nearly 500 miles to Say.

Mr. Stanley was aghast when he heard of the largesse with which the English Prime Minister had lavished territory in Negritia upon the French, and said so to interviewers with his customary emphasis. But, after all, it matters little. The French can not make anything out of the Lake Tchad region, except by thrusting a railway across the Sahara. The railway will take ten years to build, and it will cost at the least eight millions sterling. Before the Sahara is crossed Lake Tchad will be the private pond of the Royal Niger company. The French will no doubt go to Timbuctoo; but they will not penetrate much further into the Soudan.

The Treaty With the Boers.

On August 4 the Swaziland convention was signed between Britain and the Transvaal, by which the Boers acquire for the first time a road to the sea. Swaziland is a territory of 8,000 square miles, lying to the north of Zululand and next to the Transvaal. It contains about 60,000 warlike natives, who helped Lord Wolseley to crush Secocceni, and whose independence, jointly guaranteed by British and Boers, has not hindered their territory being parcelled out among concession hunters, and their monarch being demoralized by strong drink. Owing to the insensate policy which allowed the partition of the Zulus, England was shut out from Swaziland, and the territory in time seemed certain to gravitate to the Transvaal. By the convention, however, it is still to preserve its nominal independence, but there is to be a joint British-Boer administration of the white settlers for three years certain.

The Transvaal is to be free to make a railway through Swaziland and Amatongaland to Kosi Bays, where a port may be formed under British protection. In return for this concession of its deepest aspirations, the Boers abandon their reserved rights to interfere in the north and northwest of their republic, promise to support the British South African company, and undertake to enter the Eastern Union of South Africa. The settlement, which virtually re-establishes British suzerainty over the Transvaal and secures the rear of the British South African company, was ratified by the Volksraad, not without grumbling, and not only in the belief that sooner or later the Republic would annex the Swazies.

The Anglo-Portuguese Agreement.

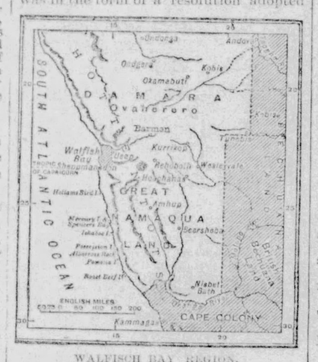
The third agreement of the month which Lord Salisbury has negotiated with Portugal is a satisfactory ending of what at one time promised to be a very ugly little quarrel between John Bull and Portugal. The Portuguese, who are the dog-in-the-manger of Africa, have agreed to waive their preposterous claims to the whole of Central Africa along the Zambesi. They give up their pretensions to England's new protectorate on Nyassaland, cut short their territory in Central Africa ten miles east of Zumbo, and leave England the whole interior of Central Africa to do as she pleases in, subject to the reserved right of Portugal to construct roads, railways, and telegraph lines, within a zone of twenty miles north of Zambesi, across Africa.

The map of the region concerned before and after the partition explains better than anything else what *quid pro quo* Portugal has received. The chief change in the interior has been the uncermonious shifting of the boundaries of the more or less mythical Congo Free state.

It is understood, although not expressly asserted, that England shall appropriate the southern tongue of it, compensating the Congo for the loss of Garenganse by permission to annex the northeast section of Luanda, the rest of that vague Hinterland being left to the influence of Portugal. Portugal also, who has once more become John Bull's man of straw, is to be allowed to extend his sphere of influence south of Delagoa to the British sphere, subject to the consideration that she is never to part with any of her possessions there without British consent. This gives England a veto upon any transfer of Delagoa bay.

A Protest From the Cape.

The South African Colony protested to the British government that it must have its say in the direction of British affairs which concern their end of Africa. This was in the form of a resolution adopted



WALFISCH BAY REGION.

unanimously in the Cape Parliament, expressing in unmistakable terms the determination of the Colonists no longer to remain disfranchised of the Empire:

(a) That any proposal to interfere with the direct control by the Parliament of this colony over Walfisch Bay territory will be deeply resented by the people of this colony; *(b)* that this colony strongly deprecates any departure from the boundaries of Walfisch Bay territory as laid down by Mr. P. B. Wessels; that it is desirable that the attention of the government be directed to the question of levying customs at Walfisch Bay, and that the House regrets that the government of this country was not directly represented in the recent arrangements entered into between the British government and the German empire in so far as those arrangements affected territories south of the Zambesi, and is of opinion that the government of the colony should have a voice in any future proposed rearrangements of boundaries south of the Zambesi.

Humane Method

Of Destroying Crippled or Sickly Animals.

The San Francisco *Examiner* quotes Chief of Police Crowley of that city as follows: "It is my purpose to instruct all officers in the matter of destroying crippled, sickly or worn out horses and other animals. "To that end a card is issued to them on which appears full suggestions."

The chief gave the reporter this card:

> The operator should stand direct in front of the animal and place the muzzle of the pistol within a few inches of the skull, aiming at a point in the middle of a line drawn across the forehead from the centers of the pits above the eyes.

"Officers are presumed to be reasonably expert in the use of the pistol," continued the chief, "but many make the mistake of standing too far away from the animal to be destroyed. A horse, for instance, should be grasped by the nose and the head steadied, while the officer places his pistol close to the vulnerable point. The

HOW TO KILL A DOG.

animal reels instantly, and dies within a few moments, painlessly and without struggling."

Yesterday afternoon a reporter was invited to accompany Officer Hooper to the Mission, where he was to kill several horses.

At Twenty-third and Harrison streets a horse was led into the roadway. Officer Hooper fondled its head for a moment, then steadied it while he fired a shot from a 38-caliber revolver in the point suggested in the accompanying cut. The horse fell motionless, and in two minutes and ten seconds the heart had ceased to beat. No struggle, nothing harrowing, simply a merciful and painless removal from cruelty and starvation.

At Twenty-third and Alabama streets another old, skinny, sickly horse was similarly destroyed, the heart ceasing to beat in one minute and thirty two seconds.

Any bullet suffices. A 32-caliber has been used with good results, as has all other calibers up to 45. The essential thing is to shoot into a portion of the skull through which the main body of the brain can be reached.

It has been suggested that a short, double-edged knife be used, the point to be driven between the base of the skull and the first cervical vertebra, but many objections can be raised to make the scheme impracticable. The anatomical

WHERE TO SHOOT A HORSE.

knowledge required would not be inconsiderable. The muscular endeavor would be great. The chances of failure are so many that even in bull-fighting the matadores, although professional adepts, frequently make many essays before killing the bulls, which they destroy in the manner last indicated.

The pistol, properly aimed at short range, seems to be all-sufficient.

THE VANDERBILT CHILDREN

How They Are Educated and Trained—No Late Nights.

Although all the members of the Vanderbilt family entertain on a magnificent scale, says a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for October, they never permit their children to remain up late at night, are extremely careful in their education, and, in a word, are fitting them for life as well as any mother or father could. It is one of the rules in all the houses of the Vanderbilts, that the children shall go to bed early and rise early. The little boys and girls are up before 7 o'clock in the morning. Their nurses immediately take charge of them, see that they are properly bathed and dressed, and then they go down to breakfast, which is served at 7:30 o'clock. It is an unpretentious meal, with plenty of fresh of milk, eggs, oatmeal, and a bit of steak or a chop that will add strength to their physique and color to their cheeks. After breakfast there is an hour of study. There is something for these little ones to do at all times during the day. They go through their studies systematically, and then, about half-past nine, are taken out for a walk. They are allowed to romp in the streets and in the parks to their hearts' content. At 11 o'clock they are brought home, and a light luncheon of milk and bread is served, after which there are more studies—either French, German or drawing—and then another breathing spell—it may be horseback riding, or a drive out through the park and along the country roads. Back they all come about four o'clock, and there is another hour of study, and then they are through for the day. They are allowed to do just as they please until tea time, when, after their meal, they spend a pleasant hour or so with their fathers and mothers and others who may drop in to call. Promptly at 8 o'clock they are all in bed to sleep soundly, and get up the next morning and go through the same programme. So it is not strange that all the children of the Vanderbilt family are further in advance of their little friends in the matter of education. For they study, study, study all the time. They are all fond of music and most of them can play on the piano. The girls are learning to play on the harp, and the boys are famous among their friends as violinists, and banjo players. If you were to see these children on the street, you would not for a moment suspect that they were other than children of parents in ordinary circumstances. They make no display at elaborate dress. The eldest of Cornelius Vanderbilt's daughters is dressed plainly in little, pretty, cheap dresses without any braid or ornamentation. She wears snug-fitting cloth jackets, and the little cap that sits gracefully on her head, could be duplicated for a couple of dollars.

When the summer's rose has faded
What shall make it fair again?
When the face with pain is shaded
What shall drive away the pain?
Never shall a blossom brighten
After blighted by the frost,
But the load of pain may lighten,
And we need not count as lost
all the pleasures of life when the wife and mother, upon whom the happiness of home so largely depends, is afflicted with the delicate diseases peculiar to women. It is terrible to contemplate the misery existing in our midst because of the prevalence of these diseases. It is high time that all women should know that there is one *sure* remedy for all female complaints, and t at is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Do not allow ill-health to fasten itself upon you. Ward it off by the use of this standard remedy. But if it has already crept in, put it to rout. You can do it by the use of the "Favorite Prescription." It is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be returned.

For biliousness, sick headache, indigestion and constipation, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

What "M. D." Meant.

A Philadelphian just from Asbury Park, tells of the latest anti-Prohibition dodge. An individual entered a drug store and presented an order for a pint of whisky, signed with his own name and the letters M. D. "You're no doctor," said the clerk. "No, I didn't say I was." "Well, what does M. D. mean?" asked the clerk. To whom replied the individual briskly: "It means mighty dry!"

—Soldiers and widows of soldiers apply for your pensions, etc., through J. C. Dermody, Attorney, Washington, D. C. *No fee unless successful.*

A MAN WHO DIDN'T STRIKE.

Sixty Years a Switchman—He Once Defied Two Regiments.

Down at Stuyvesant, on the Central-Hudson road, there is stationed a switchman who has been at his post ever since the first train passed over the rails, and had been in the company's employ before that, almost from the day when the first tie was laid and the first spike was driven.

This man did not strike when Lee's order went over the wires on the evening of August 8. He is not made of the sort of stuff of which they are made that blindly followed the beck and call of an autocratic leader. Old Patrick Sweeny remained at the post which he has faithfully guarded for nearly sixty years now.

Although he is wholly illiterate, his mental powers have a natural vigor that is remarkable. Once the company issued an order directing that all switchmen who could not read or write were to quit its service. Pat got a boy in his shanty to teach him how to read the numbers of the engines so that he could report the time and number of trains that passed his flag shanty every day. The old man had apparently passed the age when the mind can yet be turned back and made to grasp what it has outgrown, for he discharged the boy, but his ear was still keen. In less than a month he had learned the number of every engine on the road by the sound of its bell, and never made a single error in his reports. This is vouched for by people who have known Sweeny half a century.

He does not know what fear is, and a story is told how he once defied two regiments of soldiers because he knew what his duty was and they did not. It was in April, 1862, during war times. Sweeny was at his post on the road, which was then double-tracked north of Stuyvesant, but had but one track between that town and New York. Fifteen car loads of soldiers on a special train, bound for New York, reached Stuyvesant early one morning, and Sweeny, who was on the lookout, stopped the train, because the train which had immediately preceded it carried no signal to give warning that the special was behind it. It was before the days of block signals and much depended on a remembrance of orders as to how trains were to be run. The commandant of the troops could not understand why the train had come to a standstill. Leaping from the train he began making inquiries, and found Sweeny standing at the switch, which he had locked.

"What does this mean?" thundered the officer. "Don't you know these are Federal troops, under orders from Washington to proceed to New York without delay? What do you mean by stopping this train without orders?"

Sweeny pointed his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the single track.

"The train ahead carried no signal for yez," said he, "and there bees an up train on its way."

"Unlock that switch instantly," commanded the officer, drawing his sword. "Not a moment's delay now. Unlock it!"

"I'll not," said Sweeny, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before a dozen soldiers, in obedience to an order, hustled the switchman into his shanty. One thrust his bayonet into the boards alongside of Sweeny's neck. The others pinned him in a similar manner under the arms. Half a dozen others placed the muzzles of their loaded muskets within a few inches of his head.

"Give up that key and let this train proceed," was the command, and while no threat accompanied it, the switchman knew that the next order would be to pull the triggers. He never flinched.

"Not wan foot does this train move," he said, without a tremor.

"I will give you one min——"

At that moment a shrill whistle was heard, and before the officer could finish his order the train for Albany came flying along at the rate of forty miles an hour. Sweeny's watchfulness had prevented a terrible disaster. He knew well that the first train should have displayed signal flags to indicate that there was another following. Had he permitted the train carrying the soldiers to proceed there would have been a frightful collision at about Stockport, where a curve through a rocky cut shuts out all view two hundred yards ahead. It didn't take either the officers or the men long to realize what a narrow escape they had made, and to appreciate the bravery of the switchman who was ready to give up his own life rather than permit a thousand men to put theirs in danger.

Famous Sam Sloan was president of the Central in those days, and when he heard of Sweeny's courageous conduct he sent him a check for a generous amount, and summarily discharged the engineer and crew of the train that had run through without a signal. And, strange to say, no strike was ordered because of their discharge, nor was President Sloan asked to specify reasons.—[Albany Express.

How Shorty Started the Mule.

Shorty Smith, the boss packer of the Bradshaw mountains, while driving his pack train up to Del Pasco hill, had a very exciting experience last week. Part of the mules were loaded with a Frue concentrator. One of the mules, the largest in the train, was loaded with the long side sills of the concentrator, one on each side, and when the train had got half way up the hill and on the steepest part of the trail the mule with the timbers gave a lurch sideways and landed about one hundred feet down the hill and lodged in the air between two oak trees about fifteen feet from the ground. How to get the mule down was the next question. But, like all great packers, Shorty was equal to the emergency. He soon took in the situation, rushed up to one of the mules that had some powder, caps and fuse in its pack, which he soon fixed so as to explode the powder and placed it in the hollow end of one of the trees. He touched a match to the fuse and yelled: "Get out of the road!" and when the shot went off and the smoke had cleared away Shortly looked around and saw Old Tom (the mule), with his load all on, walking up the hill to the train, and not a scratch on him.—[Chicago Journal.

Its Face Was Familiar.

"It seems to me I ought to know you," remarked a Humorist to a Joke.

"You ought to," replied the Joke. "I am your own child, but I've been translated into the German and back since I left home."—[Puck.

Weak, Nervous Men!

Send for sealed particulars, free, of Common Sense Home Treatment, which will speedily restore you to complete vigor and manhood. No electric nonsense, no stomach drugging. Albion Pharmacy Co., Albion, Mich.

A Long Felt Want.

Newcomb—It must be a pretty hard struggle for you to support a family of eighteen children.

Kidder—Oh, I make 'em pay their way. Hire 'em out to childless people who want to take the children to the circus to see the animals.—[Puck.

Deserving of Confidence.—There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs and Colds should try them. Price 25 cents.

Royal Baking Powder Is Superior to Every Other

The United States Official Investigation

Of Baking Powders, recently made, under authority of Congress, by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., furnishes the highest authoritative information as to which powder is the best. The Official Report

Shows the ROYAL to be a cream of tartar baking powder, superior to all others in leavening power (*U. S. Dept. Agricult'e Bulletin 13, p. 509.*).

Can Make Man Over.

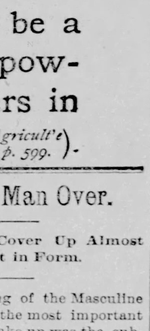
Tailors Able to Cover Up Almost Any Defect in Form.

At the last meeting of the Masculine Fashion Club one of the most important points in a man's make-up was the subject of debate, says the Chicago *Post*. The best authorities in the country were consulted, and, after picking apart and putting together the thousand and one peculiarities of a man's form, the following points were offered through the columns of the *Post* for the perusal of the ill-shaped, demonstrating that they can be costumed as well as those of perfect form: Cut No. 1 represents a form in which the shoulders are hollow and the waist remarkably small. The practical tailor will invariably notice these points and will build the suit so that it will have the same, or nearly the same, effect as that on the perfect model. Should a man be unfortunate enough to do business with a tailor who is not up in these matters he must make suggestions himself.

For the square-shouldered man no padding whatever should be used in and around the shoulders. The armhole seam should run almost perpendicular with the shoulder at the top with no outward tendency on the average coat, and the shoulder lines slanted a little more than usual. The hollow-shouldered form should be padded or filled to the point of the shoulder only. To overcome the bad effect of a small waist the coat should be cut the same as for the correct form, and in nine cases out of ten the general balance of the coat forces it to hang smoothly, producing the same effect as if it were filled or padded out.

A man should not think that if he can take up a handful or a yard of cloth in the back or at the sides, that a coat is too large for him, or because his friends find the same fault with the garment that the tailor has made a misfit. The coat should be given a trial, and invariably after it has been worn from three to six days the wearer becomes accustomed to the change and will give up the old idea that a coat must be fitted to the form whether the form is perfect or not.

As to trousers, the man who is unfortunate enough to possess a pair of legs which resemble parentheses should not feel at all discouraged, as in the major ity of cases the deformity can be successfully concealed and made to resemble the perfect form, as in cut No. 2. The inseam of the trousers controls the hanging on the inside of the leg, and the artistic tailor who knows his business can inform one at a glance the principle upon which the garments should be cut.



The long-waisted and short-legged man should wear a three-button cutaway black coat and vest, with trousers of a narrow stripe in light or dark colors, the coat in waist and vest in length not less than once inch shorter than once around the breast. The man with short body and long legs should wear a three button cutaway black coat and vest with trousers of a narrow plaid in light or dark colors, the coat in waist and vest in length one inch or more longer than the average. The very small, slight man should select material of rough Scotch goods in light colors for a suit, and wear it a size larger than would fit him perfectly. The strong, robust-looking man has the choice of whatever style is offered. The red-faced man should always wear black or dark colors. The fleshy man's style of coat is the one, two or three button cut-away in black, and trousers in stripes of whatever color he prefers. The tall man should wear dark clothes, a plaid or broken pattern being preferable. Perforce the small man should wear light clothes, and stripes or plain goods should be the choice.

A Chinese Suttee.

A case of suttee, which is unusal in China, although it is regarded as a great virtue, is reported from the neighborhood of Frochow. The victim was a young woman, 24 years of age, whose husband died of leprosy early in the year. She was childless and had none except distant relatives to depend upon for support. She had, therefore, she said, no alternative but to commit this act of self-sacrifice. As soon as her intention became known she received several invitations to grand banquets, all of which she accepted and enjoyed as if there were to be no sequel. After a special feast of this character she ascended a stage constructed for the purpose, where the village elders came to make their obeisances, each three times, as if she were already a canonized saint. The signal having been given by firing off a gun, she ascended a scaffold with her hands manipulated, and there, in the sight of all, strangled herself. Her body was placed in a coffin, which was duly prepared beforehand. It is said that the emperor will grant a tablet extolling her virtue as soon as the viceroy of the province represents the case to the throne.—[London Times.

Wonderfully Intelligent Birds.

The birds which act with these different troupes have been comparatively unimportant, except in connection with their feline companions. Nevertheless, birds too can be trained, and are. There is a charming pathetic story of a little Sardinian, Francesco Micheli, who turned his liking for birds to account in earning money for his family. He trained sparrows, thrushes, linnets, canaries—whatever feathered creature came within his reach.

Some he taught to pipe simple tunes, others to play hide-and-seek with his white Angora cat; a nest of young partridges, under his teaching, embraced the military profession, learned to drill, hold little swords, fire off little cannon, pretend to be killed, and then come to life again. One of these intelligent partridges, "Rosolotta," grieved with a human grief when her dear master died, and is said—like "Greyfriars' Bobby"—to have watched over his grave as long as she lived.

Go West.

Mother—Now that you have become a chiropodist, where are you going to settle?

Ambitious Youth—I think, mother, I'll go to Nebraska. All the papers say that is a great corn state.—[Street & Smith's Good News.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, and diseases incident thereto.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

Died of Joy.

I HAD been in the service but six weeks, and was still clad in a suit of jeans, woven and made by my mother. I had participated in a skirmish with Pegram, at Monticello, Ky. It was then the 4th of July. We had read of the great victory at Gettysburg, and received word of the fall of Vicksburg—and, among the shell-torn trees of "Dutton Hill," which evidenced the sharp little fight there a year before, were having a glorious old time. With hallowed memories of the grandest day in all our anti-bellum history, and elated with the inspiration of assured ultimate triumph, we were just concluding the sunset salutations.

From the direction of Somerset, Ky., and in great haste, came a courier, whose very manner showed that something unusual was pending. Saluting the adjutant, he handed him an official envelope, and turned and rode away.

The sequel was, that at 12 o'clock that night, with five days' rations in our haversacks, and sixty rounds of cartridges, we started on the mission which resulted in the capture of John Morgan and his little army. On August 4 we reached Danville, Ky., on the return. A few days latter we drew ourselves up for the advance into East Tennessee. Just back of camp were the "pontoons." On them were these words: "To Dixie or Hell." Crossing the Cumberland river, we soon found ourselves amid the mountains of the same name.

The regiment had been recruited till it now numbered 1,100. It was marching "Right in front." Armed with long guns, mounted and riding by twos, and "at will," it required quite a little while to pass a given point. As Co. G came up an old gentleman and lady were standing at the front fence of the open space that enclosed their cabin. With dilated eyes and open mouth the latter, turning to the former, said:

"Well, old man, did you ever?"

Lieut. Charley McDee asked her how many she thought there were. Her answer was:

"Oh, there must be at least ten thousand!"

Cutting the E. T., Va. & Ga. railroad at Lenoir's, we turned our attention to the enemy at Loudon. We routed them, but failed to save the burning bridge.

Turning east we came into the neighborhood of Muddy creek and Concord, where many of the boys' people lived. Three brothers obtained leave of absence to spend the night at home. Two of them rode ahead and reached the little yard gate. Their mother met them there—they had been gone two long years—and asked where "Will" was. "He's told her that he was back just a little and would soon be there. She sank to the ground, and when Will came up, his dear old mother was dead! She had died of joy at the safe return of her dear boys.

Three others never returned to their command! In 1866, two skeletons were found in the pine hills south of the Tennesse river, three or four miles from their homes. They had been captured, taken there and murdered. The three are still "missing," and not until the last "roll-call on a reunion" takes place in the mystic future, shall we know what fate befell many. It is well enough, perhaps, to have a little fun now and then, but amid the excitement and passions of war, how little do men think of the empty sleeves, the vacant chairs, the sad, sorrowing hearts of the bereaved! We can not rejoice and mourn at the same time; and while the occasion may never occur calling for a cessation of happy exultation, present indications are that the swift springs of the nation's sympathy for the soldier and gratitude to the living are fast failing. Would it not be better, comrades, instead of trying to see who can prove himself the "greatest liar," and quarreling over battles and mistakes, to discuss the merits of the prize for which we struggled so long and so hard, and the sacrifices made in that behalf, and thus bring about a revival of active, responsive patriotism? In the wild, mad rush for riches, and the dissolution of potent political and economic questions, the sacrifice, and suffering, and gratitude to the old veterans, are being crowded into the background. Nothing is so base as ingratitude—nothing so despicable as denunciation of one's benefactors. We must demand our rights. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!" —H. CHUMLEY, 2d Tenn.

Going to Nashville.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In the Camp Fire September 11, was a communication from Comrade Dan Knight, entitled "From Atlanta to Nashville." We left Atlanta October 1, 1864, in the afternoon, for Nashville. The first night the train stopped at Big Shanty; rained all night. A locomotive had been thrown from the track two miles north of Big Shanty. On the morning of the 2d we left Big Shanty and night found us within three or four miles of Dalton. Before we got there we heard that the rebel cavalry had destroyed the track. We found two miles of the track turned over and the rails on the bottom of the ties. It did rain all night, but the boys worked hard to turn the track back into place. We left there about 1 o'clock p. m. Not a rebel shot at us that night; not a shot was heard. There was a great deal of noise made, but we heard afterward that the rebel Gen. Wheeler, arrived there about 2 o'clock the same day we left. We arrived at Chattanooga that afternoon. There was no stopping on account of being shot into by the rebels, as Dan says. After we left Dalton there was not a shot fired at the train. On the night of the 3d we stayed at a station called Hooker, about five miles northwest from Chattanooga. The morning of the 4th was probably the time when Comrade Knight was so sleepy that he could not tell whether he was going over the bridge at Whitesides station or riding in the air. I think he must have been dreaming about some of the beautiful Southern girls. On the night of the 4th we remained at Tallahoma, and on the afternoon of the 5th we arrived at Nashville.—GODFREY JERGER, Co. B, 5th Iowa Inft. and Co. I, 5th Iowa Cav.

A Veterans' Picnic.

I would like to write the comrades about a picnic at Rock Point, on Grand Army day. Being one of the aides to wait on table, I expected to go on the early train, to have everything ready for the coming soldiers and their families, but missed it, and was just in time to catch the 8:40 train for Rock Point. Hastily buying our tickets, we went out and took our seats in the car. Several posts were on board: Some were acquainted; others became so, and all together we were quite a sociable party.

After passing through some very pretty towns and some lovely country we finally found ourselves at Rock Point and to those of us who have not seen it before it is a grand sight. To the left runs the Beaver river, and to the right the waters of Yellow creek, and towering boldly above us is the Point. Truly it is well named, for it is rock-crowned from it base to its summit. A broad path winds around the hill, wide enough for persons to walk three or four abreast. Up this we go and after a brief but toilsome ascent find ourselves, at 11:00 a. m., at the top.

Everywhere things are lively. One large dining room, holding twenty tables, ten of which the Grand Army ladies had charge, and the Ladies' Relief corps ten, as they were working for the soldiers, as well as we. There were other booths for refreshments, scattered here and there. I made my way to the dining room and to our table. It took but a moment to don my white apron and I was ready for orders from our president, who assigned me to the right-hand side of the table. A waiter was given me and for about three hours I was just as busy as I could be. We had plenty of eatables, and the soldiers did eat with an avidity that would have done an epicure justice. Especially did they eat baked beans, showing that they still relished them as well as they did 25 years ago.

Here and there could be seen an empty sleeve, and some were walking with canes, but most notable of all was, that the brave old fellows were nearly all slightly "barefooted on top of their heads." No doubt there were many sad hearts as well as gay, for many a comrade would be asked for, and the answer would be "he is dead."

When relieved from duty a sister aide and myself went out on the grounds to witness the dress parade, which occurred about 4 o'clock. We were scarcely in a good place to see, when the old veterans came marching along, headed by the Grand Army band. It was a grand sight to see those battle-scarred veterans—heroes of many a hard fought battle—marching this day in memory of other days, when it was sad and earnest. After the veterans came the Sons of Veterans review, which was a very interesting and impressve sight to those who looked at them for the first time.

I could not help thinking as I looked at them, that just as those sons looked now, so looked the now gray-haired veterans 25 years or more ago when, at the call of their country, they went forth to save a nation's honor, just as full of hope and high aspiration, just as vigorous; and all these they laid at the shrine of their country. All aims became one—that was, to protect the Stars and Stripes and save the Union.

The parade over, we get our baskets and after much pushing and crowding we get aboard the train and start for Pittsburgh. We had the pleasure (?) of standing up for a 40-mile ride, but like true soldiers' wives and daughters, there was never a murmur, and with no accident, we arrived at our destination about 10 o'clock in the evening. I think every one of the ten thousand people present felt that the day at Rock Point had been well and pleasantly spent.—L. C. A.

The Little Fifer.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—It was in the winter of 1864, while the federal army was in camp near the city of Richmond, that two Union boys, whom I will call Gay and Shaft, (as their names have been forgotten) for a little sport, engaged in a tussle. Shaft had a fife in his hand when the unexpected Gay clinched him. To better his condition for his scuffle, Shaft tossed the fife in the air to get rid of it, for the time, whereupon a gentleman by the name of Minnich went forward and picked it up, and after Gay had concluded that Shaft was the man that could scuffle a little better than himself, he quit. Mr. Minnich stepped forward and offered the fife to Shaft. But instead of taking it, Shaft remarked:

"I do not care for it; you may keep it."

This he did, and soon after sent it home to his nine-year-old son. For six long weeks was this little boy trying to play snatches of national airs which perhaps he had heard some regimental corps play as they were off for the front. By the time the six weeks were up he had learned to play fairly well that familiar and popular air, "Yankee Doodle."

Upon Mr. Minnich's return home at the close of the war, his little lad was able to show his father, upon the fife that he had sent him, the pluck of a Yankee youth who had set out to win. Among many pieces that he could "master well was, "Tipperary," and "Johnnie I Hardly Know Me," which filled Mr. Minnich's heart with joy. The boy has since grown up and at the last annual encampment of the 2d Regt., Div. Ohio, S. of V., held at Wauseon, O., August 14, 1890, was elected by acclamation as colonel of the said regiment, and is known as Col. Frank J. Minnich. He will cut quite a figure in the coming state encampment, which is to be held in Toledo, next June. He will have this same identical fife with him, which he always plays on all occasions of this kind. He has since the war played the requiem march at the burial of many an old veteran.—GRANT E. NORTHRUP, 2d Regt., O. Div., S. of V.

Reserve Corps at Chickamauga.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—On September 20, 27 years ago, the memorable battle of Chickamauga was fought. The 2d Brig., 2d Div., reserve corps, laid on their arms at Rossville gap, during the night before. On the morning of the 20th we marched out to the front, and were formed in line facing east. Everything seemed quiet; not a leaf was stirring. Suddenly came the roar of cannonading away to our right. The noise of battle grew louder and louder. An orderly came riding at full speed to our headquarters. Soon Gen. Granger rode up and gave the order, "Right face! Double-quick! March!" and the boys began to cheer, and started, eager for the fray.

It was about six miles to the battle field. The nearer we came the louder grew the battle's din. Soon we met ambulances hurrying to the rear, loaded with wounded and dying soldiers, some of whom would tell us to "give the rebels hell, who have wounded us." We pressed rapidly on and soon reached the scene of carnage. Just as we were endeavoring to form in line Longstreet made a desperate charge and drove the troops back through our lines. We raised the yell, made a charge and met the rebels on top of the ridge from which our side had been driven. Then ensued as hard fighting as was ever done in any battle of the war.

We drove the enemy from the hill, and then laid down to rest. In a few minutes, however, the rebels rallied and came at us again. Our lines seemed to be in nearly the shape of a horseshoe, and we appeared to be nearly surrounded by the enemy. The ridge we occupied we concluded not to give up without a desperate struggle, and as the rebels advanced their double columns upon us, we poured volley after volley into their ranks. But they continued to advance, until they were right upon us. We then raised up and ran back about 50 rods and dropped down to receive the advancing foe. We poured fresh volley into their ranks, but they still advanced. We fought until night, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground. Our regiment supported a battery of Napoleon guns, which did fearful execution, throwing grape and canister into the rebel ranks at short range, the enemy not more than 50 rods from our front during the entire afternoon. Late in the evening we fell back, the last time to a ridge, where we awaited another charge by the Confederates, but they failed to come, and our entire brigade then marched back to Rossville in good order, though our loss had been heavy.—GEORGE W. EWING, Co. A, 78th Illinois.

"Endurin' the War."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—After the war had progressed several years, and the soldiers of Uncle Sam and those of Jeff Davis had devastated this section of Alabama, it became necessary for my elder brother and myself to "scout" around the country for commissaries. We owned a little black pony and a remodeled dump-cart. We put in a second bottom, raised several inches from the original one, and thus equipped we started for the country. Our route was by way of farm roads and by-ways, for the woods were full of "scouts" and bushwhackers. We reached a farm of a very wealthy planter, six miles from town, after having traversed fifteen miles of road. We succeeded in getting two sides of bacon and two bushels of corn. The bacon we placed between the two bottoms, filled the body with cornshucks, placed the sack of corn on top the load, and started for home! We had got nearly home, and were in high spirits at our success in dodging the enemy, when, oh, horrors! as we turned to go up a hill, just east of town, we met a column of federal cavalry. They halted, so did we. The officer in command questioned us very closely, and ordered the troops to move on; but one young soldier searched the cart, and found—nothing!

As the troops moved off the officer and a weary-beaten trooper remained behind, then a recognition took place, the soldier put his questions and got the desired information, and the officer gave us strict orders to enter town by another road, which we obeyed, and that is how we "saved our bacon."

In 1863, some federal cavalry were stationed at Florence, Alabama, for some time, among whom was a very dashing, handsome lieutenant, whose name was Fisher. After the troops were comfortably settled, they were forced to evacuate, and a dance was given in honor of the events; but on the following morning the rebs gave way, and the feds came up serenely. Lieut. Fisher was acquainted with one of the young hostesses, and rode up to the house and saluted the young lady, when she exclaimed:

"Oh, Lieutenant, I danced with such a pretty rebel last night; you ought to have seen me enjoy myself!"

"Why, Miss ——, you did not enjoy it any more than I did, for I danced four sets with the prettiest girl in the house."

"Oh! oh! you horrid, hateful Yankee, you!" But she did not faint.—BUB.

Two Soldier's Sons.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I am an interested reader of the Camp Fire, but have never seen any letters from comrades of my father's regiment. He enlisted in Co. C, 6th N. Y. Cav. I enjoy reading Dan Knight's letters; and in a recent one he spoke of two boys, which reminded me of a story about an Irishman who was looking for a chance at the rebs. Soon a bullet came "zip, zip," close to his head. "Jaysus," said the son of Erin, "that's close to a hit!" Directly came another bullet, which nipped off the tip of his ear. "Jaysus," exclaimed he, "that was close to a miss!" Would like to see "chips" from members of my father's (H. S. Beers) company.—AMBROSE B. BEERS.

* * *

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Though I was not a soldier myself (being too young) my father belonged to Co. B, 5th Mo. Cav. I am very much interested in the Camp Fire, and appreciate the letters from the old soldiers, especially Dan Knight's. In war times we resided in Southeastern Missouri (a hot place then), and we had to hide our clothing and other things of value in the brush or bury them in the ground, to keep the rebs and bushwhackers from appropriating them. My older sister (13 years) and myself then were obliged to go on foot six miles to mill, carrying between us a bushel of corn. That was while my father was away in the army, and after the rebs had stolen all of our horses. Ever since I saw a copy of THE BLADE, thirteen years ago, I have been a regular reader, and would not be without it.—W. J. BENNETT.

Mrs. Ella Waters, Iowa—Thanks for your contribution, which is meritorious; but this department is so crowded with prose contributions that it is impossible to give space to original poems. Any incident of your husband's experience would be acceptable.

OLD WAR SONGS.—LXXVII.

ON MY WAY TO CANADA.

I'm on my way to Canada,
That cold and dreary land;
The dire effects of slavery
I can no longer stand.
My soul is vexed within me so
To think my wife, my only dear,
I'm now resolved to strike the blow
For freedom or the grave.

CHORUS.—Farewell, old master,
O don't come after me!
For I'm on my way to Canada,
Where colored men are free!

I heard old Queen Victoria say,
If I'd all shake I would
Our native land of slavery
And come across the lake,
That she was standing on the shore
With arms extended wide,
To give us all a peace

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Erythema of the Heels.

C. L. C., St. Cloud, Minnesota: Your horse is afflicted with the disease named above. The horse should be exposed to mud as little as possible, and the heels kept dry. Cleanliness is necessary if a cure is expected. The stall should be kept clean, and no accumulation of urine permitted in the bedding. To treat, for four days, once a day, give an ounce of saltpetre in his drinking water. Then take of solution of subacetate of lead, 1 oz.; glycerine, 8 oz.; mix and appy to the parts until healed. If sand or dirt gets in the sore it must be cleaned out, as a cure cannot be had until all particles of any kind are removed. In addition to the above application, give the horse an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic once a day for about four or five days. Some horses are more predisposed to this disease than others.

Stump-sucking in Horse—To Clean a Copper Can.

Barney, Virginia: Stump-sucking, or more properly speaking, crib-biting, is a vice, and considered an unsoundness in a horse. This habit is contracted more, perhaps, by idleness than anything else. Sometimes it results from feeding at irregular hours, which makes the animal impatient. At times a horse will become a crib-biter through being dressed in the stall, enabling him to bite at the manger. Many ways have been devised to break crib-biters of the habit, but none have proven of much benefit. When a horse has had the habit for a length of time, one way to keep him from it is by a muzzle with bars running out from the under jaw to above the nostrils, the bars being of sufficient width to enable him to pick up oats or corn. Medicine is of no use whatever. Another way is to buckle a strap tightly around the neck. This must be worn constantly. Crib-biting is very contagious. Every horse in a stable is likely to become a crib-bitter that can observe a crib-bitter in the vicious act. Wind-sucking arises from the same causes as crib-biting and resembles it in many respects. To keep a copper can clean, take of oxolic acid, 1 part; rotten stone, 6 parts. Mix with equal parts of train oil and spirits of turpentine to a paste. Another way to clean and polish brass, is: Wash with alum boiled in strong lye, in the proportion of an ounce to a pint. Afterwards rub with strong tripoli.

Lame Mule.

J. J. R., Ok.: You do not sufficiently describe the nature of the lameness in your mule for the editor to give you proper advice.

New and Old Part of Hoof Do Not Unite.

W. H. J., Nebraska: A personal examination would be necessary to a proper understanding of that which is necessary to apply to cause a uniting of the new and old parts of the hoof of your mare, part of whose hoof was torn off by being caught in barbed-wire fence. However, if the crack is not wide, the parts will unite by first washing out the crack with strong soadsuds water, then with carbolic acid and water, and after cleaning thoroughly and drying, apply this in the crack: Spirits of turpentine, 2 oz.; tar, 2 oz.; whale oil, 4 oz. After this has been put into the crack with a feather have your blacksmith bore two holes on each side of the crack; then pass long nails through the holes and clinch tight. Keep annointing the hoof near to and along the line of the crack with the ointment above given. If the surface inside the crack is raw, the application of ointment inside should be light, otherwise put in sufficient to cover both sides of the crack. A clamp band may also be used to draw the parts of the crack together.

Turkeys Go Around With Their Mouths Open and Try to Cough.

M. B., Kansas: Perhaps your turkeys are troubled with gape worms. They are small worms that infest the wind-pipe and cause the fowl to gasp for breath. If taken early, a bit of camphor the size of a grain of wheat, given every day for a week, will destroy the worms, or a little champhor may be put in their drinking water. A good thing, also, is a little turpentine given daily in meal. When the worms become full developed, hoop a horsehair, and introduce it into the trachea. Twist and pull it out. This, if repeated several times, will remove the worms. A feather stripped nearly to the top, will answer as well as a horsehair. Change the feed of your turkeys, and be careful not to overfeed them.

Lump on Horse's Breast.

P. R. G., Cass county, Mo.: Swellings are usually termed tumors. A tumor, in fact however, is a swelling destitute of inflammation, embracing bony, fibrous, melanotic, etc. Melanotic tumors are peculiar to gray horses, and, as the system of the horse is filled with them, operations to remove them do no good. In fibrous tumors the skill of the veterinary surgeon is necessary to remove them. You are advised to take of iodine ½ oz., soap liniment 6 oz. Rub this in well twice every day. Be careful not to bruise the part. You can get it at any drug store. If this does not remove the tumor it will be well for you to call a veterinary surgeon.

Puff on Hind Pastern Joint.

J. C. B., Indiana: Take of red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs.; mix well and, after clipping the hair off, rub a little of this on every day for a week. It will absent the effusion in the puff. There is nothing dangerous about a puff of the kind of which you speak. There is no certainty that they will not return. It may be necessary to repeat the application, allowing a week to intervene after applying for a week. The puff may be treated by first applying warm water for half an hour for two days, and then placing cork over the puff and binding it tightly on, but the former mode is more certain. Many horsemen pay but little attention to such puffs.

Fruits From Cuttings—The Best Breed—The Apricot.

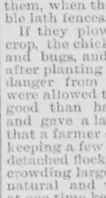
Subscriber, Oakland City, Indiana: Tree fruits are propagated by buds and grafts, while the small fruits, such as the currants, grapes, are reproduced best by cuttings, and red raspberries, blackberries and quinces are best propagated from suckers. The small fruits are principally reproduced from larger cuttings and suckers. The Buff Cochin and dark Brahma are both a heavy bird. Perhaps the Cochin is a little the more sluggish and not so active a forager. The editor prefers the Brahma, although there are many who will not share in his opinion. The apricot is not generally grown in the United States. It is a delicious fruit, but is very much subject to the ravages of the curiculio, and in vicinities where this pest is numerous it requires constant care to raise the fruit. The tree is about as large as the peach or plum, and may be propagated on the peach and plum, or from its own seed. The plum is the best on which to reproduce the fruit. The best soil for appicot is a strong loam. For light soils, free mulching is necessary, as well as frequent watering, to produce full crops. The varieties most generally in cultivation are: Large Early—Full medium—pale orange, spotted orange cheek. A juicy variety ripens middle of July. Early Golden—Small, smooth, pale orange; sweet. A hardy variety, maturing about midsummer. Breda—Small, brownish orange, juicy, mature first of August. Moorpark or Peach—Large, round, oranges-red cheek, juicy, rich, excellent. Ripens soon after the Breda, but is less hardy. Large Red—Dark orange red; round, large, sweet, juicy. Shipley's Large—Productive and a good grower. New varities of excellent quality are from time to time introduced. The apricot should do well in Southern Illinois if carefully taken care of; but if the curculio is numerous in your vicinity, you are advised not to attempt to raise apricots.

Proposed Fruit Picker.

The above device is a wire screen, open at the upper part. The receptacle for the fruit is seen in the sack. By an automatic action of the arm the fruit passes from the sack to the basket. The fruit is cut from the tree with a pair of piacers.

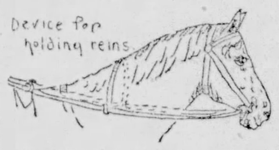
Cheap Home-Made Filter.

The *American Agriculturist* has the following: When rain-water is used for drinking and household purposes, it should be filtered. Very good filters for the purpose can be obtained in almost every town. Those who prefer to save the cost by making their own filter will find the accompanying sketch and description suggestive. A barrel or half-barrel may be used, accordingly as large or smaller quantities of water are required. It need not be new, only water-tight and clean. One head is removed and in it is set a wedge-shaped box, as shown in the sectional view herewith. The top of the filter box projects four inches above the barrel. Four inches from the bottom of the filter-box is a closely fitted bottom of wood or zinc perforated with small holes. Above this perforated bottom are placed four inches of charcoal, a layer of the coarest pieces at the bottom. If gravel is obtainable a layer two or three inches deep may be put in over the charcoal. Pour in the water, and if the charcoal has been well pressed in place the water will filter slowly through. A faucet is placed near the bottom of the barrel as shown. Two of the lower edges of the filter-box are deeply notched to allow the free escape of the filtered water as it comes through the perforated bottom.



Section of Filter.

Device for Holding Rein.



The device shown above consists of a stiff piece of leather passing over the neck and attached to the rein by a snap.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Has Kept Chickens Sixty Years.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Possibly the publication of some things I have learned by keeping chickens during 60 years may be of benefit to new beginners. I have known a large number of persons and companies to undertake to make a business of keeping chickens in large numbers, and all failed but two brothers. They put up a number of cheap, small huts or buildings at separate points over their hundred acre farm, and in each placed about one dozen hens and a rooster, and after they became habituated, allowed them their natural liberty, except for brief periods when a contiguous crop was likely to be injured by them, when they were confined by portable lath fences.

If they plowed for corn or any other crop, the chickens picked up the worms and bugs, and a few days confinement after planting would put the crop beyond danger from the chickens, when they were allowed to run, and did more good than harm. They kept healthy and gave a large profit. I am satisfied that a farmer can make a large profit by keeping a few hundred chickens in small detached flocks, and I fully believe that crowding large numbers together is unnatural and wrong. While farming, I at one time kept a large flock in a large yard charging them with their feed and crediting them with their product, and for some time they paid over 100 per cent profit, but eventually matters took a change, and I had to give what remained, valley, their liberty. Now, in a town, I keep but a few for our own use, as we do not like store eggs, as they are apt to be too ripe.

The nests are in small pens or coops along the outside of the yard fence; when a hen wants to sit, and I set her, I close the opening between her and the yard, and let her go it solitary and alone, unannoyed by her sisters.

Our fresh eggs cost us less than one-half the price of stale store eggs.—UNCLE JOHN, Pennsylvania. [Uncle John's communication will be read with interest.—ED.]

Lump on Steer's Jaw.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Tell S. B., of Saline county, Missouri, to grease the lump on his steer's jaw, with the exception of a place about the size of a fifty cent piece; then take 20 drops of croton oil and put on the place not greased. That will cause it to open and run out. It may leave a scar, but it will get well. —W. P., Indiana.

WHAT THE FARMERS SAY

In Answer to The Blade's Questions on "Farmers' Ills"—Some Interesting Letters.

In order to ascertain from "first hands"—the farmers themselves—the real condition of the agricultural class, the Weekly BLADE has asked its farmer subscribers to answer, very briefly, the following questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing?

2.—How much in every 10, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your community as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Below is given an instalment of the answers thus far received in response to these queries:

Lorane, Whitley Co., Ind.

1.—Good farmers are making money, not as fast maybe as some years ago, but gaining. Ordinary farmers are holding their own, perhaps, a little more. Poor farmers (the ones who are complaining) who own their land, and only half tend crops of things that are running behind and mortgaging their farms. Those who went into debt heavily in more prosperous times, or when prices were higher, find it hard work to get out. Some will not unless there is a boom.

2.—Perhaps four in every ten the country over. For improvements, purchase money and machinery, mostly, some cases of idleness.

3.—Bad management generally, low prices, help, but as prices of goods that farmers have to buy are proportionately low, that ought not make very much difference.

Buying on time is doing more to oppress the farmer than any other one thing. Machinery, farm implements, buggies and musical instruments, are sold on from one to three years' time. Some of them are worn out, if not properly cared for, by the time the notes are due. Others are set aside for a newer article. Self-binders are bought on time by men who could hire all the grain cut that they raise for about what the interest amounts to. Other farm implements are left where they were used until the next year, or broker, and instead of being repaired, new is boughten. Buggies are bought of factory make, many of them being nearly worn out by the time notes are due. But because they are cheap and time is given, the farmer takes one. Musical instruments are not so frequently bought in that way, as farmers are not generally so anxious to make a display in the house as they are out doors.

Groceries and clothing, the farmer either buys in small amounts with produce, butter and eggs, or on time, because he has to save his money to pay the notes and there interest on the previously mentioned articles.

4.—For the Senate and House to enact laws controlling the trusts, and among Republican farmers a demand for a rousing tariff. (Democrats for free trade) with a foreign market for their surplus corn, wheat, grains of all kinds, also cattle, hogs and other stocks. A reciprocal treaty or any thing bringing such a market without decreasing our protective system is demanded.

5.—Wheat, oats, corn and potatoes, ginseng and flax might be raised at a profit, if the market demanded them; also more wool under heavy protection.—H. G., Ind.

Butler, Bates Co., Mo.

1.—Their condition is discouraging. Those that sell their grain are doing badly. They are too poor to buy stock to feed grain; those that feed are doing better.

2.—Perhaps seven or eight; mostly for part pay for land or buildings.

3.—All help to bear down on the farmer. Sickness or death, since that often happen to farmers that he should be able to outlive without serious embarrassment.

4.—The legislature has but small power to give relief, but should at least be friendly. Congress has the power to give early relief, and we hoped for a long time that it would give us free coinage, but it failed to do so.—W. R. T.

Brooks, Wilson Co., Kan.

1.—Farmers here that are out of debt are making money, while those that are mortgaged, and are good managers, are barely making expenses, counting their work as nothing. I have known some who hired their work done, but after the hand was paid, together with taxes and living, had to borrow money at two per cent per month to pay the mortgage interest.

2.—About eight out of ten are mortgaged, given for improvements and buying stock when stock was high.

3.—All of them.

4.—State legislatures should pass a stringent law against usurious interest. I believe Congress is doing all that is necessary.

5.—We can raise almost anything here but money.—O. L. H.

Hayden, Colorado.

1.—The industrious, good managing portion of farmers are not only making expenses but accumulating wealth slowly. But the indolent and poor managers are running steadily behind.

2.—Six or seven in every ten are mortgaged, principally to improve and stock the farms, and in a few instances to live upon.

3.—Principally bad management.

4.—The only relief I see legislation can do is to check the exorbitant rate of interest demanded by loan agents; and if a plan could be properly arranged by Congress to advance money on long terms, it would greatly relieve them of the burden of interest.

5.—The principal crops of our community are: oats, vegetables of all kinds, some wheat and a great deal of hay.—H. T. S.

Soldier, Kansas.

1.—Poor, indeed, very few doing more than meeting expenses.

2.—Nine, mostly given to improve and stock the farm when stock was from 25 to 50 per cent higher than at present.

3.—Low prices, high rates of taxes and interest and high freight rates. Very few are poor on account of drunkenness and idleness, as they are, without exception, temperate and industrious, rising at 5 and working until 9 or 10.

4.—That the government shall control freight rates, lower the rates on farm loans, so that farmers may have a chance to redeem their farms. Crush trusts and monopolies, do away with gambling in the products of the farms and mines, and give us a free coinage of silver, for our present law is worse than the old.—R. H. T.

Dannebrog, Howard Co., Neb.

1.—Losing, or at least not making money, and can't keep up their expenses.

No. 2.—Nine out of 10 for improvements and paying old debts, and to live upon.

3.—All of them combined, together with extremes of dry or wet, causing loss of crops.

4.—Doing away with trusts, monopolies, combinations, etc. Congress should pass a per diem service pension law. State should pass and enforce a stringent law against usury that now compels the farmers to pay from 2 and 3 per cent per month to 10 and 15 per cent per year, because local taxes to be rated lower.—J. T. S.

Shott, Missouri.

1.—The frugal, industrious farmer is meeting expenses.

2.—I think one-half are mortgaged.

3.—Bad management, high freight and high interest.

4.—The legislature should make 5 per cent legal, and attach a heavy penalty for a violation. It is almost impossible to make money and pay 10 per cent.—P. G. B.

Mankato, Blue Earth Co., Minn.

1.—Some are making money, others losing; depends on the man. Those who work and are determined to succeed and have something are advancing, the others are playing out.

2.—Perhaps one in five is mortgaged, mostly to pay for land.

3.—The principal cause for running behind in farming is laziness. Many dislike to apply themselves to the business, but shift and turn and everything but work and save. The profits are, indeed, small in a year, but the same is true in many other callings. For the amount of brain and energy employed, farming pays as well, if not better, than any other business in our section.

4.—Have heard no judgment expressed.

5.—Wheat, oats, corn, barley, flax, potatoes, clover is a successful crop.—N. A. D.

Parker, Kansas.

The farmers of this vicinity making money and paying off debts and mortgages, which are becoming a rare thing. There are but few in every ten, or more than that, mortgaged. The greatest discontent among farmers is caused by played-out politicians and political demagogues advocating revolutionary schemes, such as the government loaning money on land, etc. All that Congress could do to aid the farmers would be to pass laws prohibiting grain gambling and dealing in futures, and break up trusts and combines. Corn, oats and hay are the principal crops, although hemp and sugar cane could be grown with success.—R. S.

Garland, Kansas.

A correspondent from the above place sends a clipping from a Topeka paper which finds fault with us for not giving the names of the writers of letters in this column. Every letter we received, but two or three, had the full name of the writer, but we published merely the initials. We found that there were other newspapers which systematically pursued the course of sending circulars and similiar matter to every name appearing in THE BLADE, and hence, nearly a year ago, we adopted the plan of never giving a full address, in order to block that little game. All the letters we have printed are genuine, and we have allowed everybody a fair show. The person who assumes to deny their authenticity is requested to authorize any lawyer in Toledo to represent him, and we will furnish him several hundred yet on file, waiting publication, and he can satisfy himself, each week, of the genuineness of those appearing in print. —ED. BLADE.

Love-light's High Candle Power.

"Kitty," said the lover, as they sat in the dark corner of the piazza—"Kitty, close your eyes."

"Why so, George?"

"If you don't everybody will be able to see us.—[Harper's Bazar.

Not An Act of Friendship.

"Why are you and Dr. Bronson on the outs?"

"You know my rich uncle George?"

"Yes."

"He was at the point of death and Bronson saved him."—[Munsey's Weekly.

Else, Why the Kodaks?

Judge—You are accused of entering this man's store and stealing a package of photographs.

Prisoner—Judge, is there any law against taking photographs?—[American Stationer.

How She Knew.

Mrs. Nice—My dear, that book is not fit for you to read.

Her Niece—How do you know, auntie?

Mrs. Nice—Why, I've read it twice, my dear.—[Yonkers Statesman.

Religious Fact.

A man who looks at his wife as though the moon was about to turn to blood whenever she asks him for a couple of dollars is not likely to become very eloquent in prayer at his family altar.—[Ram's Horn.

She Had Also Observed It.

"It's a cold day when I get left," remarked Miss Bleecker.

"Yes," replied Miss Beacon Street of Boston, "I have observed that your isolation is always coincident with a frigid section of the hebdomad."—[Judge.

Too Much for Belief.

"Had a splendid time. I ran across a lake up in——"

"Ran across a lake? Come, come, Blinks, don't lie so transparently."—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

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SUN CURE.

Treatment That Would be Difficult in a Cloudy City.

The sun cure at Veldes, in the Corinthian mountains, must be worth journeying for. The scenery is like Switzerland, but Switzerland emptied of tourists, Switzerland saturated with peace. Upon a narrow terrace, ten or twelve feet above the lake, are the air huts, as they are called, single room tenements having only three sides, the fourth having only a curtain. The open side is toward the lake, the approach is from the back only, and the privacy of the tenant is absolute. The hut is so constructed as to leave a foot of open space both at the ceiling and at the floor, and the edict of the Herr Doktor in the case of all invalids is that even the slight screen afforded by the above mentioned curtain shall be dispensed with. His motto is:

"Water is Vivifying,

but air is more so, and light stands above all." At 5 a. m. the hut colony is astir, and after a hasty toilet climbs the hills, barefoot, in search of a light and air bath. At 7 o'clock a simple breakfast of bread and milk and honey is carried upon the the head of a peasant girl to the ladies' inclosure, and the ladies take it during their morning stroll. This open air exercise lasts for about three hours, and there is then an interval of rest before the next process of the cure is gone through. This is the sun bath, taken by each patient during the course of the forenoon. On the edge of the lake stands the unpretentious bath house, extremely simple in all its arrangements, which are all in duplicate, even to the double roof constructed for the use of male and female patients. The ladies' roof is divided into about nine partitions, in each of which a patient lies fully exposed to the sun's rays for a period varying from forty minutes to an hour, during the last twenty of which she is tightly packed in thick blankets. The head is protected by some dark woodwork, which on burning days is covered by a wet sheet. Great care must of course be taken during the performance of this operation in order to get the greatest amount which can be borne of the sun's light and heat into the system, and yet to avoid the harm which may result from

Too Powerful Rays.

These baths, which are the specially distinctive feature in the Veldes cure, are of potent efficacy in cases of lung or stomach disease, in rheumatism and asthma. The sun acts through the skin as the eliminator from the system of all sorts of mischief. After the sun bath the patient is plunged into a tepid bath, gradually cooled down to the normal temperature of cold water, and is vigorously rubbed by two bath attendants. After the bath a short walk is recommended. The sun bath is repeated in a modified form in the afternoon. Gentle exercise taken barefoot in the open air at all times of the day is enjoined upon patient. Thus by day and by night the body is exposed to the influences of water, air and light. On wet or sunless days the sun bath is replaced by a steam bath. Professor Kay Robinson, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, points out the cumulative effect of our persistent disobedience to the

Simplest Laws of Health.

We have gradually shut ourselves out from all wholesale influences and health-giving forces, and are closing every avenue to health and well-being, as if compelled to do so by some inexorable and avenging deity. He tells us that human beings are steadily advancing towards a condition in which they will be toothless, bald and toeless, with flaccid muscles and limbs almost incapable of locomotion. No evening mist is ever seen to ascend from the lake on whose margin the huts are built, which makes Veldes peculiarly well fitted for a health resort.

The external effect of the sun cure upon the pale faces and bleached limbs of the patients is very marked. The whole body soon begins to glow with a healthy color—a hopeful token of the change which is taking place within the over-strained nerves and flaccid muscles. There are, of course, many recorded cures.—[Buffalo Commercial.

CAVE-DWELLERS.

Cow-Boys Make a Strange Discovery on the Sioux Reservation.

At the residence of Mart Durell on Broadway is to be seen a curiosity the like of which has never probably been heard of before. It is a troglodyte, a perfect specimen, found in the "Bad Lands" of South Dakota by two cow-boys who took refuge in a cave when out on a hunt for their cattle, which had been stampeded. The two cow-boys were employed by Frank Caffey, a rancher near Rapid City, S. D. They had gathered their stampeded cattle in a gulch on the Sioux reservation, and, night coming on, they sought the best shelter they could find. In crawling into a natural cave one of them found the remains of a petrified body. Calling his partner to his assistance, they unearthed and brought it to the light. The petrifaction was clearly that of a human being, about three feet in length, of a reddish-brown color, and one of its chief characteristics being the great length of the arms, which reached below the knee. Placing it in front of one of them on his pony, they carried it to Rapid City, where J. M. Durell, of Mitchell, saw it and, realizing its value as a natural curiosity, at once closed a bargain for it, giving in exchange a quarter section of land.

Naturalists who have examined the petrifaction say that it is probably the remains of one of the "cave-dwellers," a prehistoric race of men which peopled America ages ago. It certainly answers to the description of a troglodyte. The teeth are the same in number as those of men, the fingers and toes long and deeply separated, the thumb opposite the other four, arms very long, legs short and not in the same line with the thighs, with the knees turned outward. It was found July 20, 1890, and is in a perfect state of preservation except the cap of the left shoulder, where the bone is exposed.

Some who have examined the petrifaction think that it may be the remains of a deformed Sioux Indian, but those who know the habits of the Sioux say a deformed individual is never to be found among them, they following the Spartan custom of killing all deformed infants, besides which the petrifaction is evidently that of an adult.

Mr. Durell has recently been offered $1,500 for the specimen, but declined the offer, and will exhibit it as a great natural curiosity.—[Washington dispatch to Milwaukee Journal.

The Presidential Coachman.

Albert Hawkins, coachman to the President, has resigned. There were few more important characters in the eyes of the multitude than he. When the band played and the crowd yelled, because the President of the United States was riding to the White House on inauguration day—how many people were there that looked upon the President's face without subsequently taking a good look at the man who was driving him? If his position was less important than the President's, it was at least more conspicuous, for he sat higher up in the air. But all this glory was to Albert an old story. Gen. Grant, Mr. Hayes, Gen. Garfield, Mr. Cleveland, Gen. Harrison—he held the ribbons over the horses that drew each one of them in proud procession to and from the capitol. Albert is black. In the good old times in Washington nearly all the coachmen were black, and if there is anything finer to gaze upon than a big black coachman in an old-fashioned family livery, it has yet to make its appearance. He knew his importance, and he gloried in it. There are a good many of them left, but the white man is fast taking the colored coachman's place.—[Washington Star.

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Danger Overhead.

"We'd better move," said Mr. Ant to his wife.

"What's the matter now?"

"Miss Browne is going to swing her hammock right over our hill, and I understand she's engaged to a good man weighing 200 pounds."—[Racket.

The Sunday School.

Jesus in Gethsemane.

LESSON IV., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1890.

GOLDEN TEXT—A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.—Isa. 53:3.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 22:39-53.)

39. And he came out, and went, as he was wont, to the mount of Olives; and his disciples also followed him.

40. And when he was at the place, he said unto them, pray that ye enter not into temptation.

41. And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed,

42. Saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done.

43. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him.

44. And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.

45. And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow,

46. And said unto them, Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.

47. And while he yet spake, behold a multitude, and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them, and drew near unto Jesus to kiss him.

48. But Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?

49. When they which were about him saw what would follow, they said unto him, Lord, shall we smite with the sword?

50. And one of them smote the servant of the high priest, and cut off his right ear.

51. And Jesus answered and said, Suffer ye thus far. And he touched his ear, and healed him.

52. Then Jesus said unto the chief priest, and captains of the temple, and the elders which were come to him, Be ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and staves?

53. When I was daily with you in the temple, ye stretched forth no hands against me; but this is your hour, and the power of darkness.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

He went, as his custom was, unto the mount of Olives (v. 39). If there was ever a person in this world who could feel that one place was to him as good as another as a place of prayer, that person was Jesus. Yet Jesus had his chosen places of retirement for prayer, as if he found a gain in the associations of those places with their special memories and their special incitements. And this feeling on the part of Jesus was inseparable from his humanity. No man can pray everywhere, unless he has a habit of praying somewhere. No man can pray at all times, unless he has a habit of praying at special times. The human mind and heart need to have a center of personal interest, in order to reach out to the largest circumference of personal interest. He who would be like Jesus in the spirit of prayerfulness, must, like Jesus, have a custom of going to a set place of communion with God in prayer.

He said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation (v. 40.) We are quite ready to resolve, in advance, to resist temptation if it come in our way, and we are also ready to pray for strength in order that we may resist temptation. But we are not as ready as we should be, to pray that we be kept out of temptation. On the contrary, we are constantly putting ourselves in the way of temptation, and consoling ourselves with the thought that the Lord is able to deliver us in the hour of temptation, and that of course he will do so. Yet here we find our Lord urging his chosen disciples to pray that they enter not into temptation; and we may be sure that he would have his disciples act in the same line as they pray. Hence we know that our Lord would have us shun those persons, and those places, and those occupations, which will prove a special cause of temptation to us. We have no right to put ourselves in the way of temptation, when we can fairly keep out of it. If we are called to be there as a matter of duty, that is another matter; but when the choice is left us, we must strive and pray that we keep away from temptation.

He kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done (v. 42). Here is a pattern of prayer for every soul in its hour of special trial and need. It is right to ask God to shield us from harm when we are in peril, and to spare us from the bearing of a burden that seems too heavy for us. We are not called to welcome every disaster that seems impending, or to accept as a matter of course the worst that appears to confront us; but we may call on God to avert that which seems a great evil or a great sorrow. Yet we must leave the decision of every case with God, and ask him to do as he sees best in the light of our longings and weaknesses and needs. There cannot be a prayer of faith that insists upon such an answer as meets or wishes, apart from the question of God's knowledge of what is best for us. "If thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done." This is the model prayer for every soul in its Gethsemane.

Why sleep ye? rise and pray, that ye enter not into temptation (v. 46). Jesus had asked his disciples to watch with him for an hour, in his longing for human sympathy; but now he seems more disturbed on their account than on his own, that they were asleep. And so it is in all our Lord's calls for service from his followers; it matters little to him, but much to them, that they respond to his call in faithfulness. It does seem strange that in such an hour as that, those disciples could sleep when they had been asked to watch. But how is it with yourselves? Are we wakeful and alert in times of special spiritual need and peril, or do we incline to sleep when we have reason to be on the watch for our own safety as well as for love of our Lord?

Jesus said, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss" (v. 48). Treachery is always despicable, but it is doubly so in the case of one professing special friendship. To make a claim of sincere affection, and then to avail ourselves of the opportunities thus offered for the betrayal of the one whom we call friend, is far worse than to show ourselves in open and bitter enmity from the first. We shrink from the thought of such treachery as that of Judas, but do we never misuse the special privileges which are ours through our position in the church or the Sunday-school? Do we never seem to be peculiarly earnest and devoted as Christians in order to promote our personal interests, even while the cause of Christ is liable to be harmed through our action? Is it true, indeed, that the kiss of peace is never used by us as a means of betraying our Master? Jesus answered and said, Suffer ye thus far (v. 51). There are times when silence and inaction are harder than a life and death struggle would be, and yet when doing nothing is the best kind of doing. It is for our Lord to decide the question whether we shall now sell our garment in order to buy a sword, or whether we shall suffer quietly and submit to the inevitable without resistance. Neither course is the only one for all cases; but course is the one to be pursued in a given case, according to our Lord's direction.—[H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Prematurely Condemned.

Philanthropist—You asked me for a nickel to get something to eat with. I gave it to you, and here you are drinking a glass of beer.

Tram—Yes; but wait until you see me get at the lunch counter.—[Chatter.

The Married Man's Definition.

Batcheller—Ned, how would you define a love letter?

Benedick—A love letter is a thing that ten years afterwards you generally wish you hadn't written.—[Somerville Journal.

In the Woolly West.

Scalping Jack—I'm opposed to these railroads. They have ruined my business.

Tenderfoot.—What was your business?

Scalping Jack—Holding up the old-times stage coaches.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Pleasing Everybody.

"The *Kazoo* is doing a great and good work in exposing the dives," said the Rev. Mr. Jinx.

"And what spicy reading it makes!" put in Mr. Footlites.—[Puck.

The Horrid Boy.

Musical Lady—Wouldn't you like to be able to sing and play, my little man?

Johnny—Naw. I wouldn't like to have folks say such mean things about me as they do about you.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Where Did He Steal It?

Parishioner (to clergyman)—That was a splendid sermon you preached last Sunday. You should have it printed.

Clergyman (with sudden candor)—It was printed long ago.—[Texas Siftings.

What Was the Matter?

He—Do you think there is anything effeminate about me? Miss Willets told me last evening that my mannerisms put her in mind of herself.

She—Miss Willets is a fool!—[Epoch.

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MAKE A DOLLAR!

The Weekly BLADE costs but a dollar a year; and we are positively certain that there is not a single subscriber but can find in its columns the means of making that dollar, several times over, during the year, if he chooses to avail himself of it. We mean, that he can make, in actual money, the dollar he pays for subscription, and more, from facts and information found in its columns, aside from the benefit of the vast amount of excellent, instructive and entertaining reading matter contained therein. Hence it is wise economy to subscribe for THE BLADE.

THE COVINGTON ELECTION.

On October 3 a municipal election was held in the city of Covington, Kentucky, opposite Cincinnati. The Australian ballot system was used for the first time. There was a good deal of uneasiness among the Democratic ward heelers and strikers, who hung around the polling-places from long habit, but whose occupation was gone. They had no tickets to push into the hands of reluctant voters; the official ballots were all in the hands of election officers. No one could be bulldozed; the voters walked quietly up, one by one, got each his ticket, passed into a compartment and marked it, folded it up and deposited it. No one knew how any one voted; bribery and bulldozing were impossible.

Imagine the utter dismay and consternation of the Bourbon gang when the result showed that the Republicans had swept the city, electing their candidate for mayor for the first time in twenty-five years, and gaining a good majority in the board of aldermen. It dazed the old-time Democrats that Covington, the home of Senator CALLISLE, should give a Republican majority. It gave encouragement, however, to every Republican. It showed the real sentiment of the people, and proved that fraud at the ballot-box has existed. The Australian ballot gave an honest election for the first time in years.

EX-SECRETARY BELKNAP DEAD.

The sudden death of W. W. BELKNAP at Washington recalls the matter which caused his permanent retirement from public life. He was Secretary of War under President GRANT, from October 25, 1869, to March 4, 1876. He was charged with the sale of an Indian post tradership, impeached, but was acquitted, many votes being cast in the negative on the ground that, as he was then a private citizen, having retired from official position, Congress had no power in the case.

The inside of the story seems to have been that Mrs. BELKNAP, who was a beautiful woman, had vast influence with her husband; she was ambitious to shine socially, and had a taste for political machination; that the offer of money was made to her, and through her influence the appointment was made, without her husband's knowledge of the corrupt bargain; and that, when the fact became known to him, he resigned, bearing the obloquy that attached to the transaction in secret, in order to shield the woman he loved.

THE recent tests of foreign armor-plate, made at Annapolis by our government, had astonishing results, which will set our British cousins to thinking; for the boasted armor now used on English iron-clads went to pieces. The first series of tests was with shells from a 6-inch rifled gun, and the second series with an 8-inch gun. In both, the compound plates of steel face and iron back went to pieces under the shock, while the all-steel plate and the one composed of steel with an alloy of four per cent nickel were not materially injured, the latter standing the test particularly well. The importance of these tests lies in the fact that the British men-of-war are plated principally with the compound steel, while those of France and the United States use solid steel. The former, therefore, would be at a disadvantage in an encounter.

THE Sioux City *Journal* gets off this remarkably silly paragraph:

It is about time for a President of the United States to be selected from west of the Mississippi. Such a selection has never yet been made. The West is nearly strong enough to bring this about now. It has only to be true to itself, stand for its own interests, and to stay together, in order to be the dominant factor in this government.

The idea of selecting a President from a certain section solely on sectional grounds is truly Bourbonish. The President is expected to be the ruler of the whole nation, favoring no state or section at the expense of any other; and let it be remarked that there is very little opportunity for the President to exercise any favoritism, anyway. The time of the West will come when it produces men commanding enough in talents and reputation to bring about national recognition in nominating conventions, and not before.

IN Chicago they are expecting higher prices for wheat, and $1.40 a bushel in that market is predicted. Estimating the crop this year at 870,000,000 bushels, the following calculation is made by LEOPOLD BLOOM:

We have in America 62,000,000 of people. Each man, woman and child is estimated to require four and a half bushels of wheat a year. All told we will require 279,000,000 bushels of wheat. The farmers will need 50,000,000 bushels for seed; 30,000,000 has already been exported, and 10,000,000 more may be estimated as the requirements of manufacturers. These sums amount in the aggregate to 369,000,000 bushels of wheat. The supply we figured at 870,000,000, so that we will have a balance of 11,000,000 bushels for export. There you are in a nutshell. Wheat is going up, and when it starts it will go upso fast it will make several of the bears' heads swim.

THE Governor of Alaska, in his annual report, sets forth a sad state of things resulting from the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors. His recommendations as to legislation to provide more effective machinery for the enforcement of the present liquor law should certainly be heeded. With exports at the present time amounting to nearly $10,000,000, this territory is of sufficient importance to demand its share of national legislation for its improvement and benefit.

PRESIDENT HARRISON spent a quiet Sunday with his old friends and neighbors at Indianapolis. His Western trip has dismayed the Democratic organs which were descanting upon his alleged "unpopularity." Everywhere he has been received with enthusiastic welcome from thronging thousands.

GIVING AID TO THE RUM POWER.

We are indebted to some third-party friend for a copy of a third-party document, entitled, "The Republican Party and the Liquor Traffic," whose author starts off with the following explanatory note:

The reader of this document may ask: "Why attack the Republican party?" "Why not issue a similar document showing the relation of the Democratic party to the liquor traffic?" If these questions are asked by a candid man our answer will be satisfactory. The Democratic party has long been known of all men as the open, shameless, and persistent defender of the grog-shop, and nowhere is the claim set up that a Democratic victory is a triumph over the saloon in politics.

This remarkable statement is worthy of study. Here is a party (the political Prohibitionists) asking the people to support it in order to crush out the Rum traffic; yet it excuses itself from attacking the Democratic party on the singular ground that the latter is an open and avowed champion of that traffic! It would seem, to a candid observer, that the thing to do would be, by all means to attack the Democratic party, and endeavor to crush it, as one of the surest means of crushing the Rum Power.

Third party politics, however, do not seem to be run on the line of common sense and business wisdom. The utter lack of growth in that party shows this. If the leaders would direct their attacks upon the Rum traffic, instead of doing nothing but abuse other political parties and leading statesmen, the party would attract voters whom the stupid policy now followed now alienates. The result is, the ratio of party growth, as shown by the vote, is actually less than that of the other parties.

For, instead of turning their guns upon Rum and the saloon, the third party leaders and organs devote themselves to abuse of the Republican party and its leaders The political Prohibition party has thus taken the position of the yellow dog under the Democratic wagon, barking and snarling at the Republicans. On the one hand are the liquor organs, vituperating the Republican party for being secretly controlled "by Prohibition cranks and temperance fanatics," and warning all liquor men to "stand by the Democratic party, the party of personal liberty, forever opposed to all puritanical sumptuary legislation." On the other hand, the third party leaders are abusing the Republican party for being "the subservient slave" of the Rum Power, and declaring that the friends of Prohibition "cannot expect any relief" at its hands "from the intolerable burdens laid upon the people by this traffic."

Therefore we have the spectacle of the political Prohibitionists and the Rum Power joining efforts to destroy Republicanism! It is not a new thing, either. In the state of Ohio, the third party has been the best friend the Democratic party has had, at several elections; and this is true of many other states. This year Congress, by passing the Wilson "original package" bill, enabled state Prohibition to be made effective; and that one single act did more for the cause of temperance and Prohibition than the Democratic party and the third party, put together, have ever done, in all their history. The third party can not point to one member of Congress, one state official, nor, we think, to one member of a state legislature, that it has ever elected on a straight ticket; it has never done one thing for the advancement of the cause it pretends to champion. Everything that has been done in the way of state Prohibition has been done by the Republican party of these states.

It is time that the honest, well-meaning voters of this skeleton of a party should be told the real effect of the policy its leaders are pursuing. They are simply making it a tender to the Democratic party, and therefore to the Rum traffic. The mass of its voters were originally Republicans; and, as there is no possibility, in any state nor in any Congressional district, that a single candidate of the third party shall be elected to office, it follows that every third-party vote is equal to half a vote for the Democratic ticket. The thing for third party voters to do then is, to determine whether the Democratic party or the Republican party will do the most to resist the aggressions of the saloon, and to cast their votes accordingly. For it is certain that votes for the third party means nothing, can accomplish nothing, except indirectly to help the Democratic party—which is admitted, in the extract printed at the beginning of this article, to be "the open, shameless and persistent defender of the grog-shop."

The radical error of policy was in attempting to make a political issue of the Rum question. The founders of the third party were zealous, sincere men, but their selection of a means to carry out Prohibition was a sad mistake. Ever since 1872 they have been in the field as a separate party, without any effect. There is a very large Prohibition element in the country, but the voters will not leave their present party affiliations to join a separate party—and one that has abused them without stint. The third party has proven a stumbling-block to the cause, not a help. The thing to have done then, the thing needed now, is to preach the gospel of Prohibition to the masses—not of a new political party, but of the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of Rum. There can be nothing done, in any state, in the way of legislation, till a majority of the voters are educated up to favor Prohibition, and a strong public sentiment created in favor of the law and its enforcement.

That is the work to which every man who favors Prohibition must address himself. The idea that the third party was to repeat the history of the Republican party—which, six years after its first organization, elected ABRAHAM LINCOLN President—has proved to be a fond delusion. The third party has been in existence 18 years, and at the Presidential election of 1888 cast only 2.11 per cent of the total vote of the nation. In 1880, it cast 3¾ per cent; in 1884, 1½ per cent. It has in it no element of growth, and the time has come when its voters should abandon it and cast their votes for some party which can do something. We know it is easier to stand on a platform and picture the utter vileness of the two great parties, than it is to enlighten the people on the manifold evils of the Rum traffic, and create a sentiment against it; it is always easier to abuse than to persuade and convince. But a crusade of education for Prohibition is the only way to create a public sentiment strong enough to crush out the Rum traffic and *Pulverize the Rum Power.*

HON. SAMUEL F. MILLER, associate justice of the Supreme court of the United States, was stricken with paralysis on Friday afternoon at Washington, while returning home from the Supreme court, and his recovery is doubtful, considering his advanced age. Born in Kentucky in 1816, he is therefore 75 years old. He has been on the Supreme bench since 1862, being appointed thereto from the state of Iowa by President LINCOLN.

MISS WINNIE DAVIS, daughter of JEFFERSON DAVIS, has broken her engagement with Mr. WILKINSON because of his loss of property through business reverses. The gentleman should congratulate himself on his lucky escape from a mere fortune hunter.

Books All Gone!

Our supply of the following books is entirely out, and we cannot fill a single order for any of them:

"Struggles of Petroleum V. Nasby,"

"Nasby in Exile,"

"Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book."

Don't send any further orders for either of the above, for we have not a single copy left of either of them.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The steady flow of money from New York to the interior continues, yet the rates for money last week remained quite easy. Call loans averaged 4½ per cent, the extremes being 2½ and 7 per cent. Time money was 6 per cent for all dates from 60 days to 6 months, and time loans were hard to obtain, as lenders generally preferred to loan on call.

At the European monetary centers there has been no material change in money during the week, though all the leading banks again report large losses of bullion in their weekly statements. The great docline in stocks here was of course reflected in the London market, and naturally caused some uneasiness there as to the possible effect on those having accounts in American securities.

EXCHANGE.—The foreign market was heavy until Wednesday afternoon, when it became dull and steady. The influences operating were firm money on time loans, a better supply of cotton bills, and a very light inquiry from merchants, who, instead of remitting for goods, find use for all the money they can spare in the payment of duties. The week closed at $4.82 per £1 for 60-day drafts, and $4.87 for sight.

STOCKS.—The liquidation which has been going in the stock market for some time was decidedly marked during the week. "Liquidation" is the term applied to the sales of shares of stock that have been carried on margins for speculative purposes The progressive and steady decline in the prices of stocks for several months, which has been sharply marked for the past few weeks, have forced the sale of the stocks thus carried; and this process of liquidation has had its effect, both on the money market and on the price of silver.

There is considerable discussion of the causes of this steady decline in stocks, but the real reason must be looked for in the fact that the public is ceasing, for the time, to take any interest in speculative stock ventures, and devoting its attention to other fields of financial and business activity. The reaction is bound to come; for the depression of values in many cases has taken prices below real value, and when the inevitable rise comes, hundreds will turn to the market again, and a veritable "boom" in prices occur.

SILVER.—The decline in silver bullion and bullion certificates still goes on, and during the past week seems to have been intensified by the depression in the stock market. The following table shows the decline for the week:

	Saturday, Oct. 4.	Friday, Oct. 10.
Bullion, London....	51d.	50d.
Bullion, New York..	112¼c.	110c.
Bullion certificates..	113@112¼c.	110⅝@111¼c.

A PENSION RECORD.

The Democratic leaders in Indiana, in their desperate hunt for votes wherewith to carry that state this fall, are trying to hoodwink the old soldiers by parading the Democratic party as the soldiers' friend. The Indianapolis *Journal* promptly publishes the record of the two parties in Congress, for the past eleven years, on pension legislation, and shows it up clearly as the enemy of every honest effort to do justice to the veterans. As a matter of interest to soldiers elsewhere, we reproduce it:

The Arrears of Pension Bill—Passed January 19, 1879.	
Democrats for the bill	48
Democrats against the bill	61
Republicans for the bill	116
Republicans against the bill	None
The Widows' Pension Bill—Passed February 2, 1886. (Increasing widows' pensions from $8 to $12 per month.)	
Democrats for the bill	80
Democrats against the bill	66
Republicans for the bill	118
Republicans against the bill	None
The amputation bill—passed August 4, 1886.	
Democrats for the bill	75
Democrats against the bill	51
Republicans for the bill	91
Republicans against the bill	None
The Widows' Arrears bill—(giving arrears of pensions, from the death of their husbands, to widows entitled to pensions.) Passed the Senate by the following vote:	
Democrats for the bill	1
Democrats against the bill	20
Republicans for the bill	22
Republicans against the bill	None
The Disability Pension Bill in Fiftieth Congress—Vote to pass over President Cleveland's veto:	
Democrats for the bill	37
Democrats against the bill	125
Republicans for the bill	138
Republicans against the bill	None
The Disability Bill in the Fifty-first Congress—(Gives pension to all disabled soldiers, and to dependent parents and children.)	
Democrats for the bill	28
Democrats against the bill	56
Republicans for the bill	117
Republicans against the bill	None
Same bill in the Senate:	
Democrats for the bill	3
Democrats against the bill	18
Republicans for the bill	31
Republicans against the bill	None
The Prisoners-of-war bill—(Gives pensions for term of imprisonment to all who were prisoners of war for thirty days or more.)	
Democrats for the bill	28
Democrats against the bill	74
Republicans for the bill	119
Republicans against the bill	None

The Democrats voted three to one against the bill, and as it lacked five votes of the necessary two-thirds, it was defeated.

THE everlasting Virginia debt question is finally in a fair way for settlement. For twenty years the chronic politicians of the state have been discussing it, and arguing about it, the only effect being to injure the state's credit and unfavorably affect Virginia's development. A few months ago, some business men tried their hands at it. As a result, a state official announces that $22,000,000 of the $27,000,000 of Virginia bonds have been pooled under the Olcott Debt committee's call, and $2,000,000 more will be added by the end of the month. Business methods win against political huckstering every time.

THE Weather Bureau is at last to be taken from under the control of the War department, and be attached to the Agricultural department, where it belongs. This involves its being detached from the signal service, and restores the signal corps to its real duties, which pertain entirely to military signaling. The change will occur on July 1, 1891. THE BLADE and other leading papers of the country have urged this change for several years.

IF Emperor WILLIAM of Germany is thoroughly sincere when he says, "Germany united and Europe pacified—that is my grand dream," and makes its accomplishment his life work, his name will deserve to stand higher on the roll of fame than that of any other German ruler, from FREDERICK BARBAROSSA downward.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S speeches on his tour are models of good taste, and eschew political topics—on which points those of Mr. CLEVELAND, on a similar trip, were glaringly different.

A STEADY REDUCTION.

The difference between the free traders and the protectionists was excellently put by President HARRISON when he referred to the former as "students of maxims, not of markets." Their theory is that protection enhances the price of all articles to which it applies, whether imported or made in this country; their maxim is, "the tariff is a tax." The protectionists refute the maxim by pointing to the market price-lists. For ten years the free traders have been making a terrible clatter about the "iniquitous tariff;" yet in those ten years, under our protective policy, the prices of everything have steadily become cheaper.

Here is a list of articles used by farmers, with the retail prices in 1880 and 1890 compared, to show how terribly the tariff "burdens" the farmer:

Articles.	Prices 1880.	Prices 1890.
Mowing machine	$85 00	$50 00
Barb wire, per pound	11	04
Fence staples, per pound	10	05
Iron nails, per keg	6 00	2 25
Steel nails, per keg	....	2 80
Horseshoes, per keg	8 00	4 50
Mattock and handle	1 40	85
Wrench	75	40
Putty, per pound	10	05
Iron, per pound	05	03
Four-tined fork	75	50
Lantern	1 50	75
Common shovels	50	10
Milk pans, per dozen	2 25	1 00
Wire cloth, per foot	06	03
Slop-pail	1 00	05
Tin cup	10	05
Zinc, per pound	15	10
Cast butts, with screws	20	12½
Chains, per pound	22	12
File	65	20
Door latch	25	10
Covered pail	20	10
Wheelbarrow	2 25	1 65
Pie plates, per dozen	70	35
Mortise lock	90	55
Cistern pump	4 25	2 25
Universal wringer	7 00	3 00

How has the protective tariff done this? By the steady increase and extension of our own industries, and the consequent competition among our own manufacturers. We are no longer at the mercy of foreign monopolists. Were the policy of the Democratic free traders to prevail, and the duties removed, the foreign manufacturing trusts would first break down our own manufacturers by selling their goods at cost or less than cost until our own manufacturers were wrecked and ruined, and then, having control of the market, would push up profits and reap their reward in extortionate profits.

Not only has this plan been put into operation in the past in our own history, but it is openly advocated in England. The tariff is a bulwark against foreign trusts—and these are infinitely more aggressive and burdensome than any we have on this side of the Atlantic. The farmers of the country are beginning to see these things clearly. They can not be misled by free trade theories when the facts are within their own knowledge. They will pay very little attention to maxims so long as the markets are all right.

JUSTICE MILLER DEAD.

The senior justice of the Supreme court of the United States court, SAMUEL F. MILLER, of Iowa, died on Monday night, the result of the paralytic stroke of a few days previous. He was one of the ablest members of the court, and one of the most eminent jurists in our history. Born in Kentucky in 1816, he left that state in 1850, because the adoption of the Kentucky constitution of 1849 showed him that the policy of the gradual emancipation of the slaves, which he favored would never become the policy of Kentucky. Accordingly he determined to cast his lot in the free and progressive West, and removed to Keokuk, Iowa.

He did not determine to become a lawyer until his thirtieth year, this being while he was yet in Kentucky. Being a man of great energy and perseverance, he soon took a prominent place at the Iowa bar, and was active in political work. When President LINCOLN sent his first message to Congress, in 1861, he suggested a reorganization of the Supreme court. Some changes were made and it became necessary to appoint one or two new members. Mr. MILLER was suggested for a place on the bench by the leading men of the Northwest.

The facts that he had never sought for any public office and that he was widely and favorably known, not only as a politician, but as a lawyer of far more than average ability, made him a strong candidate. Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas and Wisconsin urged his appointment. The lawyers of these states, with no regard to party, were almost unanimously in favor of him, and he received the support of 129 members of the House of Representativee. Accordingly, in July, 1862, President LINCOLN nominated him to be a justice of the Supreme court. His nomination went to the Senate at 9 o'clock in the evening before the final adjournment, and was instantly confirmed by a unanimous vote without reference to a committee—a compliment rarely paid to any one who has not formerly been a member of the Senate. At 30 years of age Mr. MILLER decided to study law; at 46 he was a member of the highest court in the land. No more rapid promotion ever occurred in the judicial history of this country.

During his twenty-eight years on the bench Justice MILLER wrote a great number of opinions on constitutional questions, and he was regarded by his associates as a great constitutional lawyer. He was the author of the opinion of the Supreme court in the New Orleans slaughter house cases, which settled the status of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution—a ruling which has never been questioned—and his written opinions on questions of constitutional construction outnumber those of any other judge and stand as sound precedents in constitutional law. He was a member of the Electoral Commission in 1877, and a few years ago, in speaking of that matter, he said:

In common with the other members of the Supreme court who were on that commission, I accepted the duty with reluctance. But there was no escape from the service which did not involve the absolute destruction of the commission. The law was passed only about three days before the electoral count was to commence. For either one of us to decline to serve would have endangered the commission and made necessary an amendment of the original law. There was no time for this, and it is doubtful whether any amendment could have been passed through Congress at that time.

Much has been said and written about that commission which is untrue and unjust, and I hope the day will come when some person familiar with all the facts will make some public statement in regard to it. Mr. Justice Clifford, who was the presiding officer, and who differed with me on every important vote in the conference, was, in my opinion, pre-eminently honest, faithful and capable as a presiding officer, and it would have been impossible for any man to have conducted the commission to the full perfection of its duties with more courtesy, ability and success than he did.

THE French papers of the baser sort are unduly exciting themselves over the visit of the COMTE DE PARIS to the United States. They are silly. The count came to this country during the civil war, and served for a time on Gen. MCCLELLAN'S staff. His reception by his old comrades in arms has in it nothing political, and the French republic is in no possible danger therefrom.

THE new tariff takes eggs off the free list and puts a duty of 5 cents a dozen on them. Result—eggs 5 cents a dozen cheaper in Canada, and no dearer here. Does the consumer pay the duty?

THE public domain is being settled up rapidly. Nearly nineteen million acres has passed into the hands of settlers during the past year.

THE TARIFF "AVERAGE."

Our friends the enemy are raising their voices in lamentation over the "average" of the McKinley tariff law. They assume that the average duty under it is 60 per cent. This is entirely wrong. The average duty under the old law, on all articles which pay duty, was 41.03 per cent. The average duty on articles which pay duty under the McKinley bill is about 50 per cent.

"But that shows an increase of duty!" shrieks some one who has but half mastered the subject. Not necessarily, my dear sir. There has been a long list of articles transferred to the free list; h ere are fewer articles to pay duty under the McKinley law, and hence the average would be higher, even if the rates had not been changed. Articles, whose total value is very nearly 50 per cent of that of all our imports, are on the free list since the McKinley bill went into effect, and pay no duty at all; and of course the "average duty" is on dutiable articles alone, not those which come in free.

However, there is no argument in this cry of "averages." The old duty on steel rails was $17 a ton. When it was imposed, rails sold at $56 a ton. The duty was then 30⅓ per cent. For some time they have been selling at $28; the duty of $17 a ton was a fraction over 67 per cent. Not a cent more duty, but the percentage is higher.

Let us take another example. England has free trade, it is true; but she raises a good share of her revenue upon imports, all the same. The *American Economist* gives the following as (we presume) last year's revenue that Great Britain obtained by her tariff law, imposing duty on the following articles:

	Duty collected.
Tobacco	£ 9,012,400
Tea	4,630,316
Rum	1,977,881
Brandy	1,377,315
Other spirits	1,052,545
Wine	1,213,435
Currants	354,000
Coffee	188,211
Raisins	173,882
Other articles	337,784
Total	£20,207,478

The total value of these imports was £30,184,699; the duties collected, as given above, are 67 per cent of this; that is, the "average duty" was 67 per cent. As long as Great Britain has a 67 per cent tariff, we Americans will not grumble at a 50 per cent one.

THE FARMERS AND RECIPROCITY.

A subscriber at Barnhill, Tuscarawas Co., Ohio, asks for more light on reciprocity. Referring to a recent editorial in THE BLADE, entitled, "How Reciprocity Will Affect the Farmers," he inquires:

Do any of the countries mentioned produce wool? Is not Canada adapted for producing an immense amount of wool as well as anything else? Is there any prospect that reciprocity will be adopted between this country and Canada? In the part of North Dakota where I live, and still have a farm, sheep and barley are the only hope of the farmers. Wheat has failed for three years.

Probably our correspondent has not clearly grasped the idea that the reciprocity plan included in the McKinley law provides for this in the case of sugar, molasses, coffee, tea and hides. Of these, we produce neither tea or coffee; and we can not produce enough sugar, molasses and hides for our own consumption. It is intended to endeavor to obtain reciprocity as to these articles, we allowing them to come in free from countries which will remove their duties on our exports; and the articles those countries need are grain and flour, pork, beef, butter, lard, cotton goods, machinery, and other manufactured articles. Our surplus is largest of farm products, and the idea was to enlarge our market for these, by arranging, if possible, for a removal of the duties imposed upon them by these countries.

Of course, coffee and tea are on the free list, and have been since 1872; hides are also free, and the MCKINLEY law puts raw sugars and molasses on the free list. But the reciprocity clause of the MCKINLEY law gives the President power, in the case of these articles, to impose duties (specified in the law) upon all these articles coming from countries which discriminate against our products by the imposition of duties. With regard to Canada, Senator SHERMAN proposed reciprocity in the matter of bituminous coal, but it was not acted upon. It may come up next winter.

SPEAKING of civil service reform, here are a few instances—which, however, strangely enough, every mugwump paper has hitherto overlooked:

S. A. Whitfield, first assistant postmaster general, promoted from second assistant postmaster general.

J. Sawrie Bell, second assistant postmaster general, promoted from superintendent railway mail service.

James E. White, superintendent railway mail service, promoted from division superintendent railway mail service, Sixth Division, Chicago; one of the oldest and most efficient division superintendents in the service. And Mr. White's first assistant at Chicago, was put into the place which his promotion left vacant.

And we may remark that GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, in his late speech before the Civil Service Reform association, criticised very severely the changes in postmasters under the present administration as not being in line with civil service reform. Those positions are not in the classified civil service, do not come under the law, and neither Mr. CURTIS nor any one else has attempted to formulate a plan for the appointment of postmasters on a non-partisan basis.

IT has been determined by the Ordnance board to adopt some new and improved form of magazine rifle for the United States army, and to use smokeless powder. An American company has taken up the manufacture of the Belgian form of smokeless powder, and is at present engaged on a large contract given by the War department. The final selection of the pattern of rifle will soon be made, and we will then be on a footing of equality with the great nations of Europe in this regard. "In time of peace prepare for war" is always good doctrine.

THE Missouri state commander of the Sons of Veterans writes himself down an ass by his announcement that he will suspend all officers of that order who participated in the Harrison reception at St. Louis, on the ground that the President's trip was "political." The comrades of the order honored themselves by ignoring the silly order not to participate in the city's welcome to the nation's chief executive.

OHIO now takes fourth place in population among the states, instead of third, the census showing that Illinois has outstripped her in numbers. Slowly the star of empire passes westward. The seat of power in the nation in the near future will be in the great Mississippi Valley.

THE Republican majority in Idaho is swelled to a still greater figure by the later returns. The "back counties" there are the homes of intelligent and enlightened people.

IF the new tariff law is going to injure this country and help England, as certain English papers declare, why are they abusing that law so roundly?

SINCE Speaker HYSELL was defeated for a nomination for Congress, he has been either too sick to do active campaigning, or else absent from his district.

THE Michigan local option law has been pronounced valid by the Supreme court of that state. And still the third party wasn't in it.

THE TIN PLATE QUESTION.

The Democratic press of the country, true to its traditional policy of appealing to the supposed lack of knowledge on the part of the people, is making a furious attack on the new tariff law because of the duty on tin plate. Tin plate is made of thin sheets of iron, plated with tin; it is the material of which fruit cans, tin-cups and buckets, coffee-pots, basins, bowls, pans, and a vast variety of domestic utensils are made. The largest portion of the world's supply of tin has hitherto come from mines in Wales, and in Cornwall, England. The other chief source of supply has been the East Indies.

But tin mines have been discovered in in the Black Hills, and there is no doubt that they are able to furnish more than all the tin needed to supply this country. The amount of tin plate we require is very large. We have been importing from 600 to 700 million pounds every year, costing from 19 to 21 million dollars. The manufacture of tin plate has been for years in the hands of an English trust, who control the British tin mines; and the manufactories are located in Wales.

When our disordered finances, resulting from the war, were settled by resumption, there was a general extension of manufacturing into new fields, and one or two factories for tin plate were started. They made a first-class article, and were steadily growing, when the tariff law of 1883 was passed, which placed the duty on tin plate at a nominal figure. There was no money to be made in the tin plate business, and the factories closed up.

The McKinley bill raises the duty on tin plate from one cent a pound to 2 and 2-10 cents a pound, but the new duty on this one article does not go into effect until July 1, 1891. And the law contains also a provision that, on and after October 1, 1897, tin plate shall be admitted free of duty if we are not by that time producing at least one-third of the amount of tin we import. This gives six years in which to establish a new industry; and those who are in a position to know, declare that it will be well established long before that. The result will be, that the tin mines and factories will employ thousands of workmen, and keep at home the 19 to 21 million dollars we pay the British trust every year for tin plate.

Already preparations are making for the erection of an enormous tin plate factory, to cost $3,000,000, at Baltimore, Md., and another, to cost $1,200,000, at Pittsburg. Doubtless others will follow, and by the time the new duty goes into effect, there will be factories ready to manufacture a large proportion of the tin plate needed in this country. The London *Iron and Steel Trades Journal* said, in a recent issue:

The duty is now 1 cent per pound, and the suggested tariff is 2 and 2-10 cents per pound. If this is carried the occupation of three-fourths of those engaged in the tin-plate trade will be gone, and our manufacturers and their workmen, if they continue in the business, must employ their capital and experience on the other side of the Atlantic.

The argument of the free traders is, that it will make tin-ware cost more in this country. The increase will not amount to five cents a year for an ordinary family, and as soon as the manufacture gets established prices will come down, the English tin trust be smashed, and we will export tin instead of importing it.

ABOUT THAT EXTRA SESSION.

The convening of the General Assembly of Ohio in extra session has excited intense interest throughout the state for two reasons—first, that it is only the second occasion in the history of Ohio, that the governor has exercised his prerogative of calling the legislature in extraordinary session; second, the doubt as to the scope of the powers of that body in extra session.

The former occasion was when Governor LUCAS did so, when the quarrel between Ohio and Michigan about the boundary line culminated in 1835 in the Toledo war, and the legislature was called to meet to provide for repelling invasion. The state militia was called out on both sides; but President JACKSON interfered, sent peace commissioners, and Michigan relinquished her claims, obtaining as compensation the northern peninsula. It is a matter of local interest that this county was named after Governor LUCAS out of compliment to his action on this occasion.

The purpose of the present extra session is to protect Cincinnati from plunder by a board appointed by Governor CAMPBELL, under a partisan "ripper" bill. The governor's proclamation does not particularize the reason for his step; it merely calls the General Assembly together to receive a special message, and "to take such action thereon as it may deem proper." It is conceded that this message will deal with Cincinnati municipal matters exclusively; but can the Assembly address itself to any other business? The state constitution merely says, in prescribing the governor's powers:

He may, on extraordinary occasions, convene the General Assembly by proclamation, and shall state to both houses, when assembled, the purpose for which they have been convened.

Is that body confined to action upon subjects mentioned in the governor's message, or may it engage in general legislation? Here is a moot point. It is not prohibited, in express terms, from exercising its full powers; the provision is only that the governor must tell the members why he called them together. If the maxim, "what is not prohibited is permitted," is to be allowed in this case—and there appears no reason why it should not apply—then the Assembly will doubtless fix up the Storrs township matter, and may even extend its action to other subjects. We are inclined to believe, however, that the Board of Public Improvements of Cincinnati, and possibly the Storrs township omission, will be the extent of its action.

There is a vast deal of idle speculation current as to what the Cincinnati members will do—for they are all said to be sympathizers with REEMELIS, MONTGOMERY and DONHAM, whose "six dirty hands" are to be taken out of public affairs; and also as to the course of the Republican members. There should be no doubt in the latter case. Business sense is good politics, any day. They should heartly join in overthrowing the Cincinnati ripper legislation, and if any question comes up that involves a division on party lines, content themselves with voting solidly on the Republican side, without attempting any delay or obstruction by parliamentary tactics. The melancholy spectacle the Democratic minority in the national House made of itself by that course needs to be remembered.

THE statement is being circulated all over the country by the free trade press that ex-President RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, in an alleged interview, characterized the MCKINLEY bill as a harmful measure, which would result in "the overthrow of the Republican party." Mr. HAYES, in response to a letter of inquiry from a Cleveland gentleman, stamps the story as a base falsehood. He says:

DEAR SIR:—The interview is a fabrication. I never submit to interviews on political questions. R. B. HAYES.

The Greatest Offer Yet!

The Best Ever Announced by the Blade, or Any Other Periodical.

In past years THE BLADE has offered a great many useful and valuable articles as premiums, which were highly appreciated by our readers; but nothing was ever so popular as the 80-piece tea-set we offered last year, of which over 1,000 sets were sold with THE BLADE or given as premiums for clubs. The reason was, that it is a high class of goods, which, 20 years ago, could only be afforded by the wealthy—and even now we were and are offering them on a basis of less than half the cost of goods of equal merit in the hands of dealers.

We have, for this year, determined to repeat and extend this offer, making the terms even much more liberal than we offered last year. Turn to the advertisement on the 5th page of this issue, and read the four distinct new offers made there.

Take particular notice of this fact: While, under each offer, a price is made at which we will sell this set (including the Weekly BLADE one year) so low that everybody can afford to buy it; if you will read further you will find terms upon which we will **give away** these sets—which you will find are even more liberal than the offer to sell; this is because we wish to secure additional clubs for the Weekly BLADE.

Of course, we shall gladly fill all orders for sets in connection with one copy of the Weekly BLADE, because we know there are many who have not time nor inclination to get up a club; but there are others who are so situated as to be able to raise clubs, and we make the most liberal offer possible to them, as clubs are what we want.

The best way is, to enter on the work of getting up a club at once to secure the $20 BLADE dinner set. Almost any one can raise a club of 20 subscribers in a single day; but if you should fall short, you can certainly raise 10, and thus get the 80-piece tea set. Then, after resting a few weeks, you can make another effort and obtain 10 more, for which we will give you the No. 4 set—which, added to the tea set, makes the complete dinner set.

Get at the work at once, for two reasons: first, so as to be before any one else in your neighborhood; second, if you raise one club now, you will get that out of the way, so that later you can raise another, to obtain an additional premium in this line, or on some offer we may make later.

We have a special word to say to the 1,000 and more who obtained the tea set last year, in reply to many inquiries: The No. 4 Blade set is just what you want. It has been made up specially so as to be added to the 80-piece set and make a complete dinner set. So go to work at once to secure the No. 4.

Last year we printed in THE BLADE several hundred testimonials from buyers of the tea set, who all agreed that they got a better article than they expected from the price named. It is a proved fact that the 80-piece tea set, which we offer for $7, with the Weekly BLADE one year, or which we *give* for 11 subscribers and $11, can not be bought at retail at the stores for less than $15 or $16; and the same holds true as to the other offers.

China ware is always handy to have in the house; nobody ever has too much of it. These sets are an acquisition to any one's china-closet.

The season for gift-giving is coming on, with the holidays—and these sets make elegant presents for the husband to give his wife, the children to give their mother, or for any one to give as a wedding-present—not to speak of "china weddings," etc.

Read the advertisement on the 5th page. It is really a remarkable offer. If the sets cost us nothing, we should make but a narrow margin of profit. Offered as they are with THE BLADE, we make no profit at all—merely wishing to extend our circulation, and help our friends and subscribers to a first-class article.

Don't wait! Begin work *at once!*

OHIO CONGRESSMEN.

With the nomination of HARLAN STEWART, at Elyria, Saturday, the list of congressional candidates in Ohio is complete with the exception of the Fourteenth district. There, Mr. SWINGLE has refused to run, and the committee will put on a new man. The candidates with the majorities cast for CLEVELAND or HARRISON, in each district, are as follows:

	REPUBLICANS.	
1	Bellamy Storer, Cincinnati,	
2	Hon. John A. Caldwell, Cincinnati,	5,187,*
3	Hon. H. L. Moore, Butler,*	
4	William P. Orr, Piqua.	
5	Capt. L. R. Stroup, Auglaize.	
6	J. H. Brigham, Delta.	
7	Hon. M. Ashley, Toledo.	
8	Hon. Charles Foster, Fostoria.	
9

Science Causerie.

Precious Stones.

Beauty of color, hardness and rarity are the essential qualities which entitle a mineral to be called precious. Strictly speaking, the only precious stones are the diamond, ruby, sapphire and emerald, though the term is often extended to the opal, notwithstanding its lack of hardness, and the pearl, which is not a mineral, but a strictly animal product. Popularly, a gem is a precious or semi-precious stone, when cut or polished for ornamental purposes. The epithet "phenomenal" is used in regard to stones which exhibit an unusual or singular play of color, such as opal, moonstone, sunstone and Labrador spar, or which change their color by artificial light, like alexandrite; or show a line or band or bands of light, as the line in the cat's eye, and the star in the sapphire and ruby asteria. Ten years ago $100,000 was an unusual amount for even the wealthy to have invested in diamonds, whereas, to-day, there are a number of families each owning diamonds to the value of $500,000. Earrings worth from $5,000 to $8,000 a pair excite no wonder to-day, formerly they were seldom seen.

Of the French crown jewels sold in Paris a little over three years ago, more than one-third, aggregating over $500,000 in value, came to the United States. The customs import lists show that import duty was paid on about $125,000,000 worth of cut diamonds in the last 24 years, of which $90,000,000 worth were imported during the last twelve years. In addition to the growing demand for diamonds, public interest in sem-precious stones has increased greatly within the last ten years. Formerly jewellers sold only diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, pearls, garnets and agates, but now it is not unusual to have almost any of the mineralogical gems, such as zircon, tourmaline, spinel or titanite called for, not only by collectors, but by the public, whose taste has advanced in the matter of precious stones, as well as in the fine arts.

Photography in War.

The recent organization of regular carrier pigeon services for military purposes in Europe recalls the wonderful ingenuity and completeness with which the French effected the transmission of dispatches during the siege of Paris; and their methods, which have hardly yet been improved on, are thus described by the French savant, Tissandier.

"A thin sheet of paper two or three inches square, was all the load that could be intrusted to these winged messengers. But how write orders, send dispatches, give precise instructions in such a minute letter? The most able calligrapher could hardly make it contain the letters in a single page of a printed volume. Microscopic photography came to the assistance of the besieged; it solved the difficulty as no other art could have done; it reproduced on a film of collodion weighing less than a grain, more than 3,000 dispatches, that is to say, the amount of sixteen pages of folio printed matter. Several of these films, representing a considerable number of dispatches, were rolled and enclosed in a quill about the size of a toothpick. This light and novel letter box was attached to the tail of a pigeon. Each pigeon could carry twenty films in a quill, the whole not weighing more than fifteen grains, and thirty or forty copies of the microscopic dispatches were ultimately printed and sent by as many pigeons. More than 100,000 of them were thus sent to Paris during the siege. As soon as the small tube was received at the telegraph office it was opened with a knife, and the photograph films were carefully placed in a basin of water, in which were put a few drops of ammonia. In this liquid the dispatches unrolled themselves. They were then dried and placed between two plates of glass. It then only remained to lay them on the stage plate of a photo-electric microscope."

Progress of Vocal Culture in America.

Edmund J. Myer, in a recent paper, read at Detroit before the convention of the Music Teachers' National association, draws attention to the rapidly improving standard of vocal training in this country. He says: "We have as good teachers in this country as can be found the world over. Yet we are suffering from that influence of the past which gave rise to the impression which has so long prevailed, that the best voices, in order to receive the most complete training, must go to Europe. Do the facts justify this prevalent impression? Every teacher knows well that so soon as he finds and develops an unusual promising pupil, that pupil is immediately set upon from all sides and is almost driven to Europe. The best voices do go to Europe, but of the hundreds who annually go, how many are ever heard of outside of their own locality, after they return and make their debut? Very few, I assure you. Those who do succeed would, with the same devotion to their art, have succeeded as well here; and they are usually those who have laid a strong and sure foundation of voice before going. The tide must and will turn. There is no doubt that the day is rapidly approaching when those who desire the best possible vocal culture will seek for it and find it here in our own country.

Manual Training for Women.

One of the most significant signs of the times is the progress being made in the manual training of women. The public School of Art for women at Bloomsbury, England, holds a high rank in its instruction in art and mathematics, and is entirely in the hands of women professors In South Kensington more pupils in proportion to their number carry off prizes in the yearly national competition than in any other institution. In Belgium there is an *Ecole Professionel*, numbering 770 pupils, and its object is to give women a thorough professional manual education simultaneously with theoretical teaching. In Holland similar schools exist, which admit to their classes young girls of every rank in society, and not only teach every sort of handicraft suited to professional work, but also furnish excellent opportunities for liberal culture to those who do not need to make of art a means of support. In Denmark the professionally artistic education of women is of a yet more advanced character, and the government school of decorative art is attended by 120 women pupils, who are admirably trained to take up art in its various branches professionally.

Fire-Escape Drills in Schools.

The practicing of pupils in the fire drill, in order to prevent accidents from the alarm of fire, is now regarded as a most important part of school training. In the schools of Vienna, the fire-escape drill is executed in three different ways. In the case of a fire in the neighborhood (Signal No. 1) the pupils place their books in their satchels, put on their outer garments, and leave the class room in groups of four. If the danger is imminent (Signal No. 2) the books are left, the outer garments rapidly put on and the class room is vacated. In case of extreme peril (Signal No. 3) the books and clothing are left, and the exit is made immediately in groups. In the fire drill at Hamilton, Ont., arrangements are also made for each class to keep its own side of the stairway, and move on independently of other classes preceding or following. In this school 600 pupils have vacated their class room in less than two minutes. The fire drill is not only an effective safeguard against the danger of panics, but is also a good gymnastic exercise.

Best Fodder for Cavalry Horses.

A series of experiments, made with a view of discovering the best fodder for French cavalry horses, has established the fact that straw and oats are, in reason, preferable to hay. It appeared that when the ration of hay was reduced, and that of the straw and oats proportionately increased, the staying power of the horses was much improved; they sweated less and bore fatigue better. These experiments have excited much interest in military circles, and it is very generally recognized that there is imperative need for a complete and careful study of the question of cavalry forage.

New Use for Buttermilk.

Dr. Stanley M. Ward states that he has found fresh buttermilk very serviceable in relieving vomiting of various forms, even at times, the vomiting of pregnancy. The remedy is administered ice cold, in doses of about half a teaspoonful, repeated every fifteen or twenty minutes. In the case of children with cholera infantum, he has often succeeded in quieting the stomach by interdicting everything else, and using a few drops of fresh ice cold buttermilk at intervals varying in length according to the severity of the case.

M'KINLEY TALKS.

To a Chicago Interviewer About the New Tariff Bill—No Need of Advancing Prices.

MAJ. M'KINLEY was in Chicago on the evening of the 12th, and to a *Tribune* reporter said he was making a hard fight for re-election and has hopes for success. In regard to his tariff bill he talked freely.

"Maj. McKinley, to hear the Democrats talk, you have ruined the country," began the reporter.

"Well, I'm not surprised at that, for the price of wool has gone up and there is going to be an increase in the demand for labor. The tin industry alone will cause a demand for 15,000 more men to be directly employed in its manufacture, without taking into account the number of men employed in the coal and ore mines and the transportation of these materials to the factories, and the linen industry will; it is believed, enlarge the demand for labor, which will make new customers for farmers' products."

"It is said your bill is causing the merchants to mark up their goods?"

"If that be so then they must be marking up goods which were on their shelves and in the stores before the bill went into effect. Surely they have received no goods since the law went into effect last Monday.

"But still they are doing it."

"Presumably they are marking up goods upon which duties have been increased. The goods bought before the bill went into effect could hardly be subject to any advance. However, if they advance the price of goods because of advanced duty and they will at the same time mark down prices of goods which have been put on the free list by the new bill or where the duties have been diminished, it will be a great boon to the consumer, for it is a fact known to every one familiar with the bill that the reductions of duty far exceed the advances in duty."

"In spite of what has been said to the contrary, the bill gives to the people freer trade than any tariff legislation that has been put upon our statute books in more than a century of our existence. During the first 30 years of our history nearly every article was made dutiable. In 1824 less than 6 per cent of our imports was free; in 1833 only 15 per cent of our imported goods was free; in 1842 only 27 per cent was free; in 1846, the great revenue tariff year, only 12 per cent; in 1857 only 18 per cent. From 1873 down to 1883 30 per cent only was free, and in 1889 39 per cent was free. This bill makes about one-half of them absolutely free to the people. The Mills bill, that famous Democratic tariff bill, only made free in all about 47 per cent of our importations. By the bill just passed one half of our importations, or nearly so, are made free."

"There is complaint about tobacco and cigars."

"We reduced the internal tax on tobacco 25 per cent and the increase upon cigars has been so increased as to give the fullest protection to manufacturers of cigars and the labor they employ in their factories."

"Will it increase the price of cigars?"

"I do not think so, but if it does it will be upon a luxury, and it is a good deal better to have a little more duty on tobacco and less upon sugar as provided in the bill. We have released the dealers in tobacco and cigars as follows:

"First—Abolishing the tax on dealers in leaf tobacco, which will relieve 4,872 taxpayers and reduce the revenues $43,570.88.

"Second—Abolishing the tax on dealers in manufactured tobacco, which will relieve 50,053 taxpayers from the payment of a small but vexatious tax, and will reduce the revenue $1,280,043.88.

"Third—Abolishing the tax on manufacturers of cigars, which will relieve 902 taxpayers and will reduce the revenue $5,128.23.

"Fourth—Abolishing the tax on manufacturers of cigars, which will relieve 2,484 taxpayers and reduce the revenue $130,195.53.

"Fifth—Abolishing the tax on peddlers of tobacco, which will relieve 15,000 taxpayers and reduce the revenue $127,018.88.

"All sections of the statutes imposing restrictions of any kind whatsoever upon farmers and growers of tobacco, in regard to the sale thereof, be repealed. This will enable the farmers and growers to sell their tobacco wherever and to whomsoever they please with the same freedom they now dispose of other agricultural products."

"Now, as to potatoes, why did you put a duty on them?"

"We propose to give the farmer the same protection we have given to the manufacturer. You say you have a short crop here. Well, don't you suppose the Canadians would fix the price to suit themselves, as they have the advantage, duty or no duty?"

WHY GRANT WAS GREAT.

Due Recognition When True Merit is Once Established.

Was Grant a great general?—conceded. What made him so?

When U. S. Grant was hauling cordwood into St. Louis his neighbors did not imagine that he would become the most famous man of his generation. When he was managing the little tannery in Galena no one of his intimates recognized in him a future hero. But he displayed qualities which should have satisfied them he was no common man. What was there about him?

If you start to build a single story shanty, you pay little attention to the foundation; you may lay stringers in the sand, with little fear the building will fall. But if you propose erecting a ten-story block, your architect will tell you you must go to the rock for the basis of your foundation, or the stately structure is liable to tumble about your ears.

The foundation of a great man is moral force—character; this is the rock foundation. The shiftless man lacks it; he never succeeds. Grant never used an oath—a sure indication of moral character. He never told, or listened to, if he could help it, a vulgar story; this showed peculiar moral fiber, an unusual strength of character. He was a man of opinions—as his wife said, was obstinate; in other words, he had will power, force.

These qualities, with good judgment, well balanced mental powers, and peculiar executive ability, supplemented by a military education, fitted him for the emergency, when it came. As soon as his merits became known success was assured. That is always the case, with things as with men. "I well know the value of Warner's Safe Cure," writes M. Carr, of the Hotel Bennett, Binghamton, N. Y. "In 1884 I had difficulty with my kidneys. The doctors did not help me; I was badly out of rig. One day a travelling man from Utica advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure. The first bottle did so much good that when my family doctor called I threw his medicine out of the window, while he was present. I continued to use Warner's Safe Cure until I was entirely well."

The test of merit is the accomplishment of the matter in hand. The best is that which is most certain.

A Welsh Song.

Gryffod-ap-Llewellyn Plymm—
Wattn mayn to goeto lbedwyth—
Hyfedd ydi'r ddaear upon thinnau
Rhumm-n-jynn-n-bnittye bheess
Ann-y-thynnge to sswelle nys heddwyth!
Yt-wyz auil the ssaym to hymme,
Gryffod-ap-Llewellyn Plymm,
Ffulle ut llnkkyr ty the brymm!

CHORUS—Sso sottemup byffer n ggo:
Ther ys mo llnkkyr down bbelloe.
—[An Australian Paper.

It Was All Right.

Lariat Luke—Come, boys, this man admits that he took the horse. Quick, where is the hemp?

Man—But I plead extenuating circumstances. A widow from Kansas City at my station wanted me to marry her.

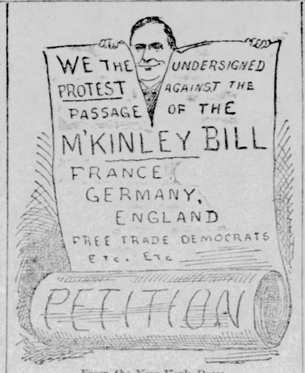
Lariat Luke—Then why didn't you say so before, instead of creating all this fuss?—[New York Sun.

A New Way to Make Money.

MR. EDITOR:—

Mrs. Reed's success in silk culture created so much interest that I am tempted to give my experience with soap. I sent the Zanesville Chemical Co., Zanesville, Ohio, $5 for which I received a 500 pound box of "Pure Soap," which I sold in two days for $20, with a profit of $15. The next week I invested $10, sold out in three days for $40, with $30 profit. The third week I invested $20, sold out during the week; profit $90. I am now clearing $60 every week. Soap is used by everybody, and the "Pure Soap" being so cheap and of such superior quality, it requires neither labor nor ability to sell it. The above company will send you circulars giving details, and I think any lady or gentlemen can succeed as well as I have.

CLARA WILMOT.



From the New York Press.

WE SHOULD SMILE

With Mr. McKinley and every other patriotic citizen, if they can not "see through" this petition.

THEY BACKED THEIR FAITH.

What the Deacon and the Baptist Preacher Said to Each Other.

"Pass the syrup, please." The deacon looked up, smiled, said "much pleasure" under his breath and passed the cruet to the other end of the table. One word brought on another and finally the deacon learned that his vis-a-vis was a Baptist preacher and the minister in turn learned that the deacon was a Methodist.

"The beauties of religion," said the deacon, smilingly, "are great, and——"

"We should never cease giving thanks that we are Christians," finished the minister. Then followed an exchange of courtesies, questions were asked and answered, and the two good men began to feel kindly toward each other.

"The Baptist faith," said the preacher, "offers more consolation than any other that I know of."

"Except, of course," joined in the deacon, "except the Methodist belief."

"No exception at all, sir."

"But you cannot doubt for an instant that the Methodist religion is properly founded."

"Indeed, I can. I appeal to my brother on the right."

"And I am a Presbyterian," said the brother on the right."

"You are misguided, sir," said the Methodist. "You are either intentionally——"

"Eh?" ejaculated the Presbyterian rising: "what do you say?"

"I mean that man at the end there."

The syrup cruet that the deacon had passed down came back. It hit the Methodist on the shoulder, and maple syrup covered his bosom, in a twinkling. The deacon lodged a waffle just inside the minister's collar, and before a policeman could be called in the two good men were rolling together on the floor. The preacher was on top, but the deacon had a good collar hold that was very promising.—[Chicago Herald.

UNION SERVICE PENSION ASSOCIATION.

JUSTICE "to him who has borne the battle, and to his widow and orphans."

NEW CAMPS.

Official Reports of the Organization of Union Service Pension Associations for the Week.

Edwards Camp, No, 14 of Missouri.

Osage Iron Works, Camden Co., Missouri—th Congressional district; organized Sept. 20, 1890; members enrolled, 30.
Commandant—Benj. Capps.
Vice Commandant—Wm. L. Edwards.
Adjutant—Moses Clark.
All of Osage Iron Works, Mo.

The Constitution and Plan of Organization of the U. S. P. A.

We shall not hereafter take the space to give the Plan of Organization and Constitution of the Union Pension Service Association each week. It will appear only at intervals.

All who send to us for blanks and sample copies will be gladly furnished with all they need, free; and we will send, to all such, copies of issues of THE BLADE containing the Constitution and Plan of Organization of the U. S. P. A.

AN EASTERN DEMOCRATIC OPINION ON PENSIONS.

The New York *Sun*, the leading Democratic daily newspaper of the East, a few days ago had a long editorial expression on our pension system, from which we make the following quotations:

"Twenty-five years have passed since the close of the civil war; yet, as Commissioner Raum's current report shows, the pension roll on July 1, 1890, carried the names of 537,944 beneficiaries, of whom 505,000 base their claims for gratuities on that war.

"These figures show that the rolls must have been increased during the twelve months previous by a net total of 48,219 names, after the heavy deductions from deaths and other causes. This increase is upward of 11,000 greater than the end of the year preceding.

"Still more extraordinary has been the growth of pension expenditures. During the session just closed Congress appropriated for regular pension outlays and deficiences the enormous sum of $123,779,308, which surpassed by $34,020,608 even the heavy appropriations made during the session preceding.

"Under a normal system of pensions it should have taken perhaps five or six years after the close of the war for the annual outlay under it to reach its maximum, and then this outlay should have gradually fallen off. This is in fact precisely what did happen, until new elements were introduced to make the system abnormal.

"In 1871 what then appeared to be the climax of pension cost was reached with an expenditure of $34,443,805. Four years later, or ten years after the war, it had dropped to $29,456,912. The next year it was $28,257,396. The year following it fell to $27,137,019. That was thirteen years after the close of the war, and during the first half of that interval the expenditures had steadily risen, while for the last half they had as steadily fallen.

"We see to-day in place of the $27,000,000 of 1878, the $123,000,000 of 1890; while in place of the 242,755 pensioners of 1879 we have, nearly 500,000 more for 1890. Instead of these enormous increases during the last dozen years, there should have been by this time an actual diminution both in the number and the cost of pensions.

"The extravagant system which we see to-day may be traced chiefly to four causes, the first of which belongs to Hayes's administration, the next to Cleveland's, and the last to Harrison's. Hayes signed the Arrears bill, which not only added several hundreds of millions to pension expenses, but caused the agents to scour the country in search of clients and claimants who might be willing to apply for pensions, with the prospect of thousands of dollars as arrears to start with. Mr. Cleveland signed two bills of enormous immediate and remote outlay. One of them was the Mexican Pension bill, which, in addition to its great cost, recognized for the Mexican war veterans the principle of constructive disability, or a service pension founded on age, although he refused it to Union veterans, to whom, nevertheless, *it is certain before long to be extended*. The second measure increased from $8 to $12, at the maximum, a class of pensions numbering more than 10,000, thus adding millions a year to the outlay. And now the maximum pension under the new dependent or disability bill is also made $12, instead of $8, which was for more than twenty years the ordinary rate for the largest classes of pensions. Harrison's contribution has been that of signing the disability bill. Other minor causes have aided the increase of the last dozen years, but these are the leading influences.

"The additions are certain to go on. Up to September 30, a period of three months since its passage, there had been received 460,282 claims under the new disability pension act. These are adjusted as fast as the ordinary pension office force, aided by 613 extra hands, can carry them forward.

"Making full allowance for the rejected claims and for those that only ask increases on pensions already existing, we may expect a pension roll between 700,000 and 800,000 strong; and the service pension has not yet been granted.

"Within a short time this country will probably be paying out in pensions $150,000,000 a year, mostly for a war which was all over more than a quarter of a century ago."

We publish the above for two reasons: First, because of its statistics, which are correct, and therefore valuable as information; second, to call attention to the growing spirit of opposition to any extension of the pension system in the East.

It is hard for one not familiar with the East to understand this fact. Their opposition is not based on partisan prejudice, but on money considerations entirely. The argument is, that the pension appropriations are becoming a burden too heavy to be borne, and therefore must be checked, even if this involves the refusal to appropriate money for that purpose.

The writer, on an Eastern trip, talked with a great many business men who frankly expressed that view. They declared that the passage of the disability bill will cause many business men to vote the Democratic ticket by way of rebuke to the Republican majority in Congress for passing a bill which will add so many millions to the annual government outlay.

The Democratic press of the East is fostering this feeling very shrewdly. Articles, like the above from the *Sun*, are published with significant frequency, merely to keep public attention drawn to the expenses of the pension system; and, like the *Sun*, no direct opinion is expressed in antagonism to pensions, though that spirit pervades the article.

The Republican party stands pledged to a generous pension system; the Democratic party is opposed to any extension of it. The House of Representatives to be elected this fall will be either Republican or Democratic; if it is Democratic, no new pension law will stand any show of passage. That is the situation, and no possible amount of talking can change it.

Where Ignorance is Bliss.

Mr. Bingo (suspiciously)—Tommy, who were those two boys I saw fighting in the next alley, this morning?

Tommy—One of them was Willie Simpson.

Mr. Bingo—And who was the other.

Tommy—He got licked. I guess you don't want to know his name.—[New York Sun.

Cause.

Lady Guest—I leave this house in an hour. Clerk—Is there anything wrong, madam?

Lady Guest—Wrong? Well, I should say so. Why, the next room and mine are connected by a door and you have actually stopped up the keyhole.—[New York Sun.

—Nothing makes home so bright, comfortable and healthful as a "Garland" Stove or Range.

Recognized at Last.

"Did you recognize your wife at the masquerade ball last night?"

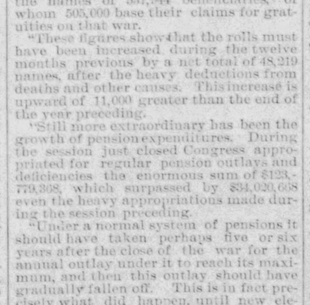
"Not until I patted her shoulder, and she whispered to me: 'Samuel, don't make a fool of yourself, you old donkey.'"—[Chicago Post.

Devotion to Art.

The cat has nine lives, and spends them all in vocal culture.—[Puck.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing me with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*



Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

We have published five different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

Any one portrait..... 25c
The three generals..... 50c
The entire set of five..... 80c

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of the Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in every family. Weight from ½ oz. up to 40 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

ROSA BONHEUR'S "HORSE FAIR."

The price of the Weekly BLADE has always been 30 cents to three-months' subscribers, as all know. We have sold an enormous number of ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair"—a magnificent colored engraving of the celebrated original painting—which has always been retailed by everybody else at 50 cents but of which we have sent out thousands at 25 cents each. We have now a supply of 10,000 copies, which we propose to *present* to new subscribers of the Weekly BLADE, who send us 30 cents each for a three-months' subscription. Remit the 30 cents, either in silver by registered mail, or by postal note, or current funds, but not in postage stamps; we will enter your name for the Weekly BLADE for three months and send a copy by mail, postpaid, of this celebrated picture. Be sure to mention in your letter that you want the "Horse Fair," as otherwise it will not be sent We ask our subscribers to mention this offer to their friends, in order that they may avail themselves of it. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

TREES FOR FALL PLANTING

The largest and most complete stock in the U.S. of Fruit and Ornamental *Trees, Shrubs, Peonies, Roses, Hardy Plants, Grape Vines, Small Fruits*, &c. Illustrated and descriptive priced *Catalogue*; also wholesale price list for the trade FREE. ELLWANGER & BARRY MT. HOPE NURSERIES, ROCHESTER, N. Y. 50th Year. (Mention this paper.)

DRESSY HEADWEAR.

Worn by Prominent Toledo Society Ladies.

This sketch will give a good idea of the most stylish hats worn here this fall. The upper figure shows a large felt hat

whose wide brim flares upward in poke shape. It is in the fashionable aubergine purple and has a narrow bordering of ostrich feathers, and a trimming of curled tips which shade from almost black to a pinkish lilac tint. The little headdress beneath is a dressy toque of tea-green velvet, with leaf-shaped pieces of white cloth partly covering the crown. These are embroidered in gold and silver tinsel, and there is a greenish grey bird set at the back, whose long tail feathers curl forward and form an aigrette.

THE GROWTH OF CITIES.

Their Rapid Increase as Compared With the Country.

The increase of population in cities since 1880 has been so large that it is difficult to believe the increase in total population no greater than the Census bureau represents. The proportion of inhabitants in cities of 8,000 and over has at each census increased, but at the last census very slightly, so that it might be reasoned with much confidence that not more than 23½ per cent of the population would be found in such cities.

In the following table appears the population of 35 cities, amounting to 10,317,037, which is 16 per cent of the population of the whole country, as reported by the bureau:

	1890.		1880.
New York	1,513,501	1	1,206,299
Chicago	1,098,576	4	503,185
Philadelphia	1,044,894	2	847,170
Brooklyn	806,377	3	566,663
St. Louis	460,357	6	350,518
Boston	446,507	5	362,839
Baltimore	433,639	7	332,313
San Francisco	297,990	9	233,959
Cincinnati	296,309	8	255,130
Cleveland	261,546	11	160,146
Buffalo	255,543	13	155,134
New Orleans	241,000	10	216,090
Pittsburg	238,473	12	156,389
Washington	228,160	14	147,293
Detroit	207,791	18	116,340
Milwaukee	203,979	19	115,587
Newark	182,520	15	136,508
Louisville	185,756	16	123,758
Minneapolis	164,780	38	46,887
Jersey City	163,987	17	120,722
Rochester	135,392	22	89,366
Omaha	134,742		30,518
St. Paul	133,156	45	41,473
Providence	132,043	20	104,857
Denver	126,186	50	35,629
Indianapolis	105,500	24	75,056
Kansas City	105,000	30	55,785
Alleghany City	104,907	23	78,682
Scranton	95,000	29	45,850
Albany	94,923	21	90,758
New Haven	85,981	26	62,882
Toledo	82,652		50,137
Richmond	80,940	25	63,600
Paterson	78,347	34	51,031
Memphis	75,000		33,592
Total	10,317,037		7,122,146

Force of Habit.

Weeks—I'll wager a new hat that man over there is a schoolmaster.

Potts—Nonsense; how do you know?

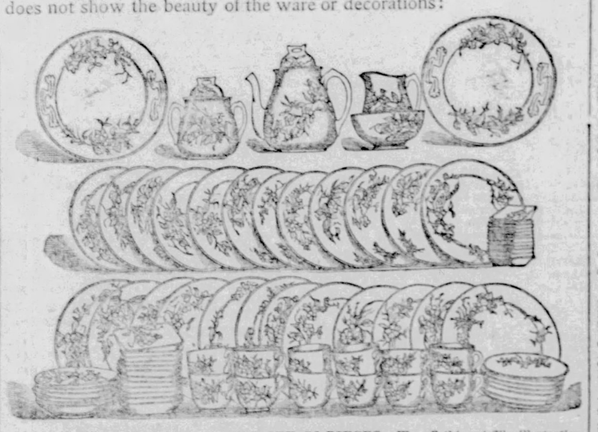
Weeks—Oh, he tried his hand on the seat of the chair before he sat down on it.—[Life.

BLADE CHINA.

TEA SETS AND DINNER SETS.

A WONDERFUL OFFER.

Eighty, Fifty-six, One hundred and eight or Twenty-eight pieces, handsomely decorated in several colors and gold band. These goods are made especially for THE BLADE, and we guarantee the highest quality of goods, the best grade of workmanship, the latest and most stylish shape of pieces, as well as late and artistic design of decoration. The following illustration was reproduced from a photograph of the 80-piece Tea Set. It gives a fair idea of shapes, but of course does not show the beauty of the ware or decorations:



NO. 1 BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES.—We call this set (like illustration above) Standard, because it is the same in every set sold by THE BLADE, and in every case the recipient received more than we expected. This year we expect to send out at the reduced prices over FIVE THOUSAND SETS. This set consists of 80 pieces as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 soup bowls, 12 stone fruit dishes, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot, 1 cover, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cover, 1 cream pitcher and 1 bowl.

THE NO. 1 BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES, AND THE WEEKLY BLADE, ONE YEAR, ONLY $7.00; OR WE WILL PRESENT ONE OF THESE SETS TO ANY PERSON SENDING US A CLUB OF 11 SUBSCRIBERS AND $11, THE CLUB OF 11 NAMES TO BE SENT ALL AT ONE TIME.

NO. 2.—BLADE TEA SET, 56 PIECES.—This set is exactly like the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set, deducting 12 breakfast plates and 12 individual butter dishes.

THE NO. 2 TEA SET, 56 PIECES, AND THE WEEKLY BLADE, ONE YEAR, ONLY $5.50. OR WE WILL PRESENT ONE OF THESE SETS TO ANY PERSON SENDING US A CLUB OF EIGHT SUBSCRIBERS AND $8.00, THE CLUB OF EIGHT NAMES TO BE SENT ALL AT ONE TIME.

NO. 3.—BLADE DINNER SET, 108 PIECES.—We can describe this set by taking the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set and adding the following: 12 soup plates, 1 eight-inch dish, 1 twelve-inch dish, 2 eight-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces, and 1 jug, making a total of 108 pieces.

THE NO. 3 BLADE DINNER SET, 108 PIECES, AND THE WEEKLY BLADE, ONE YEAR, ONLY $14.00. OR WE WILL PRESENT ONE OF THESE SETS TO ANY PERSON SENDING US A CLUB OF 20 SUBSCRIBERS AND $20.00, THE CLUB OF 20 NAMES ALL TO BE SENT AT ONE TIME.

NO. 4.—BLADE CHINA SORTS, 28 PIECES, consisting of 12 soup plates, 1 eight-inch dish, 1 twelve-inch dish, 2 bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug. We offer this No. 4 assortment to the readers of THE BLADE, as we have now on hand enough to make a complete set of one thousand or more subscribers who last year bought our 80-piece Tea Set, or the 108-piece dinner set (the sale of which will match). We also offer it to those who may hereafter purchase a No. 1 Standard Blade Tea Set, or to any who may wish the assortment.

THE NO. 4 BLADE CHINA SORTS, 28 PIECES, AND THE WEEKLY BLADE, ONE YEAR, ONLY $7.00. OR WE WILL PRESENT ONE OF THESE ASSORTMENTS TO ANY PERSON SENDING US A CLUB OF 10 SUBSCRIBERS AND $10.00. THE CLUB OF 10 NAMES ALL TO BE SENT AT ONE TIME.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS AND INFORMATION.

ORDER BY NUMBER. The goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer and shipped direct from the Pottery to the purchaser upon our order. We shall order every package shipped by freight, unless otherwise instructed. The receiver pays transportation. From 25 cents to $1.00, according to distance, will cover freight east of Missouri River, while it may cost somewhere near $2.00 to pay freight to points beyond the Rockies. We do not advise shipping by express. Never before was so much value offered for so little money. Twenty years ago only the rich could afford such goods as we offer here. We guarantee these goods the best stone china in the world, superior in enamel, color, style and finish to the best imported wares. We make no profit. We want to mention in your letter that you want the "Horse Fair," as otherwise it will not be sent and will have, as a result of this offer, thousands of clubs. These articles will be useful in the house

HOME TALKS.

MRS. BESSAMER ON PUDDINGS.

Old English Love of the Plum-Pudding — Pies an American Hobby—Something About Salad.

MRS. BESSAMER had ordered an English plum pudding for dessert that there might be a correspondence with the subject to be considered. The dishes preceding it were decidedly light in character, belonging more to a luncheon *menu* than to a dinner, but she had her ideas about the matter, which she sometimes expressed emphatically.

"It is preposterous," she would say, "for people to imagine that they must eat a hearty dinner of meats and vegetables, and then pile in on top of it another solid meal of a pudding like this, enough in itself to eat at one time. Puddings and pies are nice in their places, as all good and palatable things are, but the way they are usually taken is an intemperance."

"Intemperance, mama!" exclaimed both boys; "puddings and pies don't make people drunk?"

"No, my dear boys, but to overeat, to take, merely because it pleases the palate, an undue quantity of food is an intemperance in eating, and is quite as great a sin, in the individual, as that of drinking, though the evil effects may not be so directly traceable. To be temperate in all things should be the rule of life, and it applies just as much to our eating as to anything else, although very good people in every other way—people who would be shocked at the thought of any other vice—are constantly sinning in this direction."

"Not much wonder if all their puddings are as good as this one," remarked Mr. Bessamer, sententiously, as he proceeded to discuss the generous supply before him with evident enjoyment.

"It would be very difficult," said Mrs. Bessamer, ignoring the remark of her other half, as she was often obliged to do when he made an appendix to some of her family lessons, "to find out when and where pudding-eating began. There are comparatively few nations which use them to the extent that England and the United States do. The French in old days disliked the English plum-pudding beyond measure, and even now, though you will find it upon their bills-of-fare in Parisian restaurants, they do not approve of the article. Their desserts are of a lighter kind, more as they were in the old Roman days, when fruit of all kinds, sweetmeats, tarts, cheese cakes, almond cakes and confectionary formed the closing course of the feast.

"The English are very fond of puddings of all kinds, and the taste is not of recent date, for there is an old rhyme that runs this way:

When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal
To make a bread-pudding.

"Wonder what he wanted to steal THAT for," interjected Jamie, whose pet aversion was bread-pudding.

Mrs. Bessamer read on:

A bag pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

Jamie's face of disgust was now a study for an artist.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen, next morning, fried.

"Not very good poetry that," pursued Mrs. Bessamer; "but it shows how far back the English love of puddings dates.

"Mrs. Barbauld, I believe it is, who puts forth a mournful ditty about the disappointment of a guest, who had been invited to dinner by a husband, upon the family washing day:

Vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savory pie,
Or tart, or pudding;—*pudding* he, nor tart
That day shall eat.

"And then she concludes with a lesson to the thoughtless spouse:

Nor though the husband try
Mending what can't be helped, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up, propitious. The unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.

"The Germans eat what we use for dessert, that is fruit or puddings, in the middle of the meal, and I find that it was an olden custom with the Greeks also, or at least it is mentioned in that way in two or three places where their customs are treated of.

"The history of pies is very similar to that of puddings. They were very much liked in England, and were made of the same material we use. Pastry was made up into all sorts of shapes, and at great feasts, cooks vied with each other to show skill in this direction. We read of banners of pastry; of ships-of-war under full sail; and of other things equally curious.

"The first mention of pastry in France is in the reign of Charlemagne. That pies were known in Russia at an early date of its history is evident from the fact that Prince Menzikoff, prime minister of Peter the Great, was originally a pastry cook and hawker of pies and cakes in the streets of St. Petersburg.

"The United States, however, at the present day leads the world in the matter of pies, and villainous compounds many of them are."

"You can abuse pies all you please, mama," said Bob, "brit *I* think they're the best things out. Don't you, papa?"

"A good pie, Bob, in my opinion, is not to be regarded with any other sentiment than one of admiration," replied his father.

"A good pie *is* good," said Mrs. Bessamer. "Please observe that I said nothing about pies of that class."

"Yes, but you *looked*, mama, just as if you would like to sweep the whole mess into the river."

"No matter how I looked, Bob. Looks will not prevent your having pie semi-occasionally for dinner. I believe the next thing to be considered is salad.

"That's what!" interjected Jamie, with enthusiasm.

His mother "looked" reproof—and the boys thoroughly understood the meaning of her looks—at his manner of speech, but proceeded:

"I have not a great deal to say about salad. We know that the old Romans liked it, for in some translations of Virgil occurs a description of the way in which a peasant made it, beginning thus:

With hasty steps his garden ground he sought;
There delving with his hands, he first displaced
Four plants of garlic, large and rooted fast;
The tender tops of parsley next he culls,
Then the old rue-bush shudders as he pulls,
And coriander last to these succeeds,
That hangs on slightest threads her trembling seeds.

"Then he goes on to tell the process of gathering these herbs into a mortar, adding cloves, salt, and 'a lump of salted cheese,' grinding them all with a pestle, and at the last

With cautious hand that grudges what it spills,
Some drops of olive-oil he next instils.
Then vinegar with caution scarcely less,
and the result is the salad he designed.

"The English are very fond of salads, as are the French, Germans and Spaniards—in fact, I think most civilized nations like this article of diet. So much for salads which ends, for the present, our inquiries into the history of what we are commonly accustomed to see upon our dinner tables. To-morrow our friends come and we must give all of our attention to their entertainment."

"I should think they would like to find out about things," said Jamie.

"It might all be old to them, you know," replied his mother; "and as they are going to stay only a few days, we do not want to run any risks of wearying them that way. Some time we will talk about other things in every day life that are so common as to be passed over without thought or inqury."

"All right," said Bob, and "That's a daisy," remarked Jamie, as they rose from the table with the alacrity that frequently characterizes youngsters when play is beckoning.

Mr. and Mrs. Bessamer looked after them with an indulgent smile, as they, too, passed out of the dining room.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Russian Tea.

Somebody wants to know what constitutes a Russian tea, which is a new favorite in the social world, and promises to be more popular this season than last.

In the first place, a samovar is necessary. What is a samovar? It is usually of brass and looks much like an old fashioned coffee urn. In this are two chambers, the lower for charcoal and the upper for water, and through the latter a pipe runs for the escape of the fumes of the coal.

Usually the coal is lighted in some other room or out of doors, and allowed to remain until it burns down to clear coals. The tube is then removed and a teapot which matches the samovar is set on the opening. This contains very strong tea, so strong that the hostess only puts a half teaspoonful in the cup and fills it up with the hot water drawn through a faucet from the samovar. The whole thing is kept hot by the coals.

If it is truly a Russian entertainment, nothing is served with the tea but crackers. There is also a plate of lemon sliced very thin, as it is a Russian taste to use it in tea. Sugar is also supplied.

The table on which the samovar stands should be a small one of pretty wood, with a scarf thrown over it. This scarf, to be in keeping, ought to be decorated with Russian embroidery.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

A DAINTY CURTAIN.—Many artistic, graceful window draperies are now procurable, and among others are those of darned lace, which, however, are rather too expensive to invest in for ordinary use. They may be imitated, however, at little cost and with good effect. Purchase the lace bobbinet which comes by the yard. The coarsest quality procurable is the most effective and is most easily done. After cutting your lace the desired length, turn up the edges on the right side, and finish by sewing over them the pretty curtain tassel or ball fringe, which comes by the yard. If yellow be the color selected, get yellow fringe. Then, with yellow linen floss, coarse enough to nicely fill the mesh of the lace, draw three straight rows all around the curtain, about half an inch from the border. For the center a variety of designs may be chosen. A single diamond, about an inch and a half in long, darned back and forth, on the bias, is pretty, or any flower or figure whose form may be easily followed, is suitable. The figures should be at least six inches apart.

TOILET SETS.—Another use to which lace bobbinet may be put is the making of toilet sets. A bureau and pincushion cover might be made to match the curtains just described, and lined with silk or satine. An imported set seen recently was of net with large conventionalized leaves and flowers of yellow satine appliqued upon it with white rope silk in buttonhole stitch. The effect was striking and handsome.

Nothing makes more serviceable bureau covers than a strip of linen, hemstitched or fringed at the ends, with a little drawn-work above; and above that again, scattered flowers, embroidered in long and short stitch, or merely etched, with white or some fast color in silk. Honey-comb canvas, which comes two yards wide at $1.50 per yard, also makes effective bureau sets as well as pretty table covers. Etch a showy pattern in heavy rope silk or linen, and then darn the back-ground in some contrasting shade. For a table cover the entire ground-work may be darned, if desired, but for the bureau cover, a space exterding for a few inches on either side of the pattern will be sufficient. The pin cushion cover it would be well to cover with the darning. Sew fringe, which comes for the purpose, upon the edge of the bureau cover.

WORK APRON.—Cut the apron from coarse cheesecloth, three straight pieces sewn together, and turn up with a very deep hem, which is feather-stitched down in red. The two lower corners are turned over and fastened with an embroidered daisy. Two long straps cross from the back over the shoulders, holding in place a little shirred bib. Two large pockets cut square and embroidered with red daisies, are convenient receptacles for dusters, keys and the one hundred and one little household affairs constantly in use. Held by straps depending from the shoulders, are a pair of shirred and embroidered sleeves to match the rest.—BESS.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; s t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, trebie; sh c, short crochet.

DOUBLE DIAMOND LACE.—Cast on 28 stitches. 1st row—n s—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—k 2—sl 1 n—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—sl 1 n—k 2—o—k 2—o—n—o 2—k 2; 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 1—t o—n—seam 17—k 1—o—n—k 1—n s; 3d row—n s—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—k 1—sl 1 n—k 1—o—k 3—o—k 1—sl 1 n—k 1—o—k 3—o—n—k 4; 4th row—k 5—o—n—seam 17—k 1—o—n—k 1—n s; 5th row—n s—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—sl 1 n—o—k 5—o—sl 1 n—o—k 4—o—n—o 2—n—o 2—k 2; 6th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—o—n—seam 17—k 1—o—n—k 1—n s; 7th row—n s—k 2—o—n—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—sl 1 n—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—sl 1 k 1—k 1—o—n—k 7; 8th row—k 8—o—n—seam 17—k 1—o—n—k 1—n s; 9th row—n s—k 2—o—n—n—k 1—o—k 3—o—k 1—sl 1 n—k 1—o—k 3—o—k 1—sl 1—k 1—k 1—o—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 1; 10th row—k 3—p 1—k k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—n s; 11th row—n s—k 2—o—n—n—o—k 5—o—sl 1 n—o—k 5—o—sl 1—k 1—k 1—o—n—k 10; 12th row—bind off 8—k 2—o—n—seam 17—k 1—o—n—k 1—n s; n s means thread over twice, narrow by seaming; sl 1 n means slip 1 and narrow.

CROCHET POMPONS.—Make a chain of 30 stitches, quite loosely. Put the needle through the second stitch of the chain, having the instrument under the hand, as in knitting; hold the needle at work with thumb and middle finger of the right hand, having the forefinger about one inch above the hook of the needle, and wind the wool nine or ten times around the needle and finger, thus forming long loops. Having wound the thread evenly, keep the fingers well up, draw the loops on the needle through the chain stitch, and finish with single crochet. When the chain is all taken up sew into a round mat and pick the loops well apart to make the pompons look fluffy.

Correspondence.

CHEAP HOMES.—I have been reading the testimony of the Western and Northern farmers in THE BLADE, and the question has often arisen in my mind: Why will they stay where they have to pay high rent and then get nothing for what they raise?—or perhaps if they own their farm, it is mortgaged for all it is worth—when they can have 160 acres given them, no taxes to pay, for five years, the length of time required to live on it; in a delightful and healthy climate, where you can get value received for all you raise? Just think of 3 to 5 cents a pound for butter and in Ohio too; I am ashamed of that record. I'd feed the milk to the pigs; would not churn for that. Methinks I hear you say, "What is the use, we get nothing for pork?" We are paying 25 cents per pound for butter, and in the winter have paid 40 and 50 cents. If there are any readers of the HOUSEHOLD who would like to hear more of these cheap homes I will call again.

How can I get back numbers for 1888 and 1889?—MAGNOLIA.

Back numbers of THE BLADE can sometimes be obtained by writing to the BLADE office. Complete sets, however, it would not be possible to supply.—ED.

EXPERIENCE WITH CHILDREN.—"Kansas Emma" wrote in last Saturday's issue her thoughts regarding children. May I give her a mother's bit of experience? Not as advice, but simply a wish to help the dear little ones.

This mother I refer to, had no time for heart culture in her children. She seemed overburdened with care, and could not even find time to kiss the rosebud mouths so wistfully turned up to her. It was always "Go away now; mamma is busy."

A dear friend, who had been a sad invalid for many years, went to this home for a visit. Great preparations were made for her comfort; the children were told they must "keep perfectly still." O, what a trial that was to those neglected babies; how they dreaded the ordeal. But the day arrived, and with it came a surprise. A bright, happy little woman appeared, whose face was the picture of health. She caught up each child, with a hearty laugh, gave it a warm hug and kiss; and each little heart was made so glad.

The query was, what had made this wonderful change? Her reply was: "The loving Father saw my need, and sent me Christian Science. I am now perfectly well, and very happy, and I have come to tell you all about it."

The weary mother and little children clung to this sunshiny woman during her visit. Little by little the story of her healing came out; then this beautiful truth was given to this starved family. The little ones would say: "God is good, and He sends me good thoughts; and when the naughty thoughts come, I say, 'Go right away, naughty thoughts, you are a lie, so I won't have anything to do with you; God didn't make you, for He made nothing but good. I am God's pure child.'" The wee baby would lisp: "Dod is Love, and I am Love's baby."

The weary mother opened her heart to these sweet love messages until she felt rested, baby ones did much up his little hands to rub away the lines of care on her forehead, and with such an earnest look in his pure face, he would kiss the quivering lips and say: "Mamma, Dod don't make oo tired. Dod is Love." Then mamma would softly say: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The little ones learned, too, that God has no sick children, and their pure faith in the dear Christ touched mamma's heart, and to-day that family is closely bound together by love. That which every thought, putting out every wrong, tired or sick thought, knowing how sure are the "everlasting arms of Love," and these arms are underneath them.

The children are never told now to "keep quiet" or "run away," but the sweet talk goes on all day, and mamma's work is made brighter, and sunshine is in her heart.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."—VIDA.

HER STORY.—IN THE BLADE HOUSEHOLD of September 25, "Montana Em" asks some of the older members of the Household their opinion of a paper called *Heart and Hand*. I presume she has reference to a matrimonial paper by that name published in Chicago. As I am a constant reader of THE BLADE and over 40, I thought I would send in my opinion, though it will be my initial appearance in print as a member of the Household. Several years ago I had a widow friend 30 years of age, who being lonely and wishing to pass away the long winter evenings, not caring to go out, conceived the idea that she would advertise in this same *Heart and Hand* for gentlemen correspondents. Object, pastime and Platonic friendship. She received over forty answers, and answered all at first, dropping off until in a few months she had reduced them to half a dozen. In the course of a few months more she dropped three of them, as they were matrimonially inclined, which she was not. This left three with whom she corresponded for nearly a year, when one of them suddenly quit writing. She addressed a letter to the postmaster making inquiries concerning him, and was told that "he had committed a forgery, and was in jail, and would probably be doing time for the state in a few weeks, as his trial was about to come off in a few days." He is at present "doing time" in an Arkansas state prison, and it has been found that he has two alleged wives living, although he posed to her as a bachelor. This left two. Having business in Cincinnati a few months after, she was very much surprised by a call one day from one of these, who lived within two hundred miles of there. She had written him she was going there, and he was wily enough to question her as to where she was going to stop, and made it a point to meet her there, claiming business as an excuse. His person reeked with the fumes of stale beer, though he had claimed in all his letters to be a strict temperance man. His conduct toward her was in the highest degree unbecoming to a gentleman, and she left her hotel and went to a private boarding house to escape his visits, and in the meantime also discovered that he was a married man. This ended that correspondent, and now there was but one left, who wrote the most interesting letters of all, a gray-haired sedate ex-judge, and member of the state legislature. He had sent her numerous papers containing personals, and also references. Less than a year ago she had occasion to visit New York and as her correspondent lived less than three hours ride from the city she thought it would be "fun" to go and see for herself and find out all about her Platonic friend. She had not informed him of her intended visit, and though she had a very fine photo of him, he had none of her. She borrowed a canvassing outfit of a book agent and went and found the judge, a very pleasant, affable gentleman, old enough to be her father, a church member in good standing, considered a model husband; for the judge had a wife! and my friend told me afterwards, when relating her experience, that she was the dearest, sweetest, most refined old lady she had ever met. And yet this man told his correspondent many times in his letter that he had never found his affinity, and allowed her to believe him a bachelor. He had indeed never told her he was, but his letters were so ambiguously worded that she understood so, and he never corrected her. After her return home she informed him of her visit to himself and wife, and ended the correspondence. I know of several other cases that turned out no better, and my opinion of *Heart and Hand* is, you had better let it alone. —VERA VIDI.

In justice to the paper—which the editor knows nothing about—it should be said that the same thing might have occurred from any published request for correspondence. The thing is, no young woman should enter into a correspondence with a man she knows nothing about. That is the only safe rule.—ED.

TO KEEP HOUSE PLANTS IN WINTER.—I, too, am glad of the flower talk in the dear old BLADE, and will give my way of keeping house plants through the winter. I took a box four feet long and one foot high, filled in some good wood-earth, then into it put as much as 25 geraniums, small ones of the summer's rooting. I kept them in front of a south window. West, North or East would have been better, but that was our dining room, and they lived all right. A frame was put under the box to raise it to a suitable height, then a curtain of Holland blind, tacked around top to hang to floor. I found it so much easier to care for them than in the old way of pots.

I also had a large old box set in the cellar on trestles, in front of a window, and into that went at least twelve large geraniums. All wintered nicely, but my rose geranium. About March 20 they were transplanted into another box in the dining room at the middle of a wall where the sun shown across a little each day, and on the first day of May they were removed to the yard where they bloomed nicely.

I also kept a large cactus. It should be set up, as was the box, and not be too near the wall. It bloomed nicely. I am now ready to enjoy flowers.

I should have said to water plants once a month in the cellar and once a week in the box in the house. Sprinkle leaves and branches well so as to clean dust off. I dust my plants with a wing, often. I have kept four varieties of cactus in the cellar, one only large enough to bloom. Whenever the weather was not too cold the glass windows were swung open, letting in light, sunshine and air through the wire windows. Also left the doors open, as it makes the cellar much more healthy, and our apples keep better, too.

I beg for a little more room, enough to tell the sisters that they can start many kinds of roses by clipping off small shoots of last year's growth, say four to six inches, and insert two inches into sand. Keep in a cool, shady place. The north side of the house is good.—Box 8, Guernsey County, O.

The editor thanks our correspondent for her kind words.—ED.

Correspondence Clippings.

I see "Operator" has stirred up a hornet's nest. He says, "If it is necessary for a woman to work out, let her work for a family." We will reverse that proposition—if *he* needs to work out, let him go out on a farm and work by the month, as farmers find it difficult to get help. He might be better off with a wife, but the wife is better off without him: he is too narrow-minded. If a woman didn't take less wages, the man would take the preference, because he is a man. A woman's wages should be equal with a man's, then he would stand an equal chance.—WILLOW.

It should be the highest ambitition of every young girl to possess a true womanhood. To be a woman in the truest sense is to be the best thing beneath the skies. A woman's worth is estimated by the real goodness of her heart and the purity and sweetness of her character. The Creator did not intend us to live for ourselves alone, but we should have a nobler aim, that of helping others, of making others happy. With a kind work and happy countenance we can spread peace and joy all around.—MISS IDA.

Inquiries.

Will some of THE BLADE readers give plain directions for crocheting a pretty hood for a girl of 12 years? Would any of the members of the HOUSEHOLD like to have directions for a charity basket supper? We had quite a successful one at our church.—D. H.

The HOUSEHOLD would be glad of such directions.—ED.

Will "Buckeye Nell," who wrote "A Claimholder's Experience," send her address again to the editor of the HOUSEHOLD, if she is willing to answer letters?

Will some reader be so kind as to tell me how to make jellies with gelatine?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

Will some one tell me how to make my hair softer and more easily handled? Should a person use oil on their hair?—YOUNG BACHELOR.

Will Chatta Bella or some other flower grower tell me how to keep canna bulbs through the winter? Some of them are blossomed while others are not; will all require the same treatment?—MRS. S. E. CLARK.

I would like to ask the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD for information in regard to washing blankets. When we bought our blankets they were very white and nice looking, but when I undertook to wash them, after being used, they looked as though they were full of grease. Would like to know what to do in order to whiten them as they were when bought.—GUSSIE.

Will some of THE BLADE readers please tell me what will keep my hands from perspiring?—B. C.

Where can I obtain portraits of the Presidents' wives? I wish to place in frame the portraits of Washington and wife large; then those of the other Presidents and wives, around.

I wish to make a motto for the church—"No Cross, No Crown." Will some one please give full directions what to use and how to make it? The cross should be a dull color, and the crown a glittering white. Also, how to make an aged lady a nice apron for dress.—BESS.

There are always stores in large cities that make a speciality of photographs. Go to the book-store in your own town and have him send for what you want. That is the only way to obtain them.—ED.

Will some one tell the best way to brighten the colors in a carpet?—MRS. L.

I should like to know some new way of preserving green tomatoes.—MARY FONTAINE.

Will some one please send directions for crotcheted hood for infant three months' old; also, what would be suitable for a cloak?—AUNT LELA.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. B. F. Stewart, W. Va.: The very best thing to use is borax. Scatter this wherever the water bugs are numerous, and they will flee away. If they come again, give them another dose, and repeat until none are left.—ED.

B. R. R.: If the reception is given for the newly married couple, it would certainly be proper to attend it as the guests of honor. They should, however, reach the house before others arrive, and receive with the parents, the bride in her bridal dress.—ED.

Box 112, Portland; Mrs. J. C. Dunnemold, Jeannie Smith and Mrs. A. A. L.: Your inquiries involve the publishing of addresses, which is against the rules. Jeannie Smith, your best way would be to advertise in some paper near your home, or in the part of the country to which you wish to go.—ED.

Eva M. Davis: We long ago stopped our exchange column and therefore could not use yours. We are sorry not to be able to oblige you.—ED.

"Ignorance:" Conduct a silver wedding when it is to be a surprise just as you would any other. If you can manage to get possession of the house to decorate it, it adds to the pleasure of the evening. Some one must be appointed to get the bride and groom of a quarter of a century to take their places in a prominent place in the room, where they may be congratulated. The ceremony should *not* be performed. A bride's cake ought to be provided, to be cut first by the bride as at a wedding. Aside from that the refreshments need be no different than at any evening entertainment.—ED.

"Norma:" "Marriage in High Life" means a marriage among those who occupy a leading social position.

"Inquisitiveness:" Your friend should certainly give the young man a chance to clear himself from charges against his character, but until he does so, it is right to refuse to receive his attentions. It might have been more just to have told him at once what she had heard, and not left him in ignorance.—ED.

A reader of the HOUSEHOLD wants to know how to color a hair switch. I always color mine with black tea when they get faded out. Tie a little in a thin rag, put in an old tin fruit can, fill about two-thirds full of water, set on the back part of the stove. Braid the switch loosely so it will not tangle, put it in the can, let it remain until it is as dark as desired.—MRS. M. A. KAUPP.

Tell Emma B. to remove liver spots from the face, rub the face with a mixture made of 2 oz. glycerine and 1 oz. of ammonia.—M. E. F.

By mistake the answer to "A Country Girl," in regard to a birthday celebration which she inquired about, was omitted last week.

The entertainment being given in the evening, a regular supper would not be necessary. Have the table set in the dining room and decorated with the flowers and the color which are best liked by the one in whose honor the company is invited. Decorate the room prettily also. Seat the guests around the room using small tables if there is space, otherwise allowing guests to hold their plates, etc. Of course upon the table only the dishes from which they are to be served are placed. The menu may consist of cold tongue, ham sandwiches, chicken salad, pickles, rolls, coffee, ice cream, cake and fruit. Raw oysters may be served as a first course if liked. A pretty ornament for the table upon such an occasion is a cake in which are arranged in little tin holders that come for the purpose small, colored wax candles, as many in number as the years of the person. These are lighted just before the guests go into the dining room. The honored individual must receive with the hostess. The entertainment may be games, varied with music. A good deal depends upon the character of the company, whether young or old, grave or gay.—ED.

Mrs. M. Hooey, there is the pattern for both crocheted and knitted skirts given in "Fancy Work and House Decoration" No. 3. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

Recipes.

PICKLED APPLES—For Mrs. Mills.—Procure green apples the size of walnuts. Put a thick layer of vine leaves on the bottom of the pan and cook over a slow fire till tender. Take out, pare with a sharp knife, then return to the same water first cooked in. Cover closely and leave till a nice green, then drain in a colander till cold. Put in jars with some mace and a clove or two of garlic. Cover with vinegar and tie down.—SARAH JANE.

PICKLES.—A good way to make pickles when the cucumbers are picked from the vines. Put them in old cider, let them remain in it one or two weeks, then wash them and place in a firkin with spices and pour boiling vinegar over them. Pickles made this way will keep a year. —E. M. D.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Answer to request.—Pare the onions and split them part open so they will not come apart; lay them in weak salt water over night, then put them in a jar; scald vinegar with cloves and pepper grains and pour on the onions while hot. They will be ready for use in a day or two.—A NEW COMER.

FRUIT COOKIES.—For one who asked for it. One and one-half cupfuls sugar, 1 cupful butter, ½ cupful molasses, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 cupful of raisins, two cupfuls currants, 1 tablespoonful of ginger, 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon and one tablespoonful of allspice. Mix as soft as can be rolled. They will keep several months.—A NEW COMER.

JOHNNY CAKE.—Four cupfuls of Indian meal; 1½ cupfuls flour; salt; a heaping teaspoonful of soda sifted with the flour; 1 cupful molasses; 2 cupfuls sour milk. Use sweet milk or cold water to make it thin enough to pour. Steam 2½ hours. This is very nice with suet added.—E. M. D.

GRANGER PIE.—One half pint of molasses; ½ pint of water; 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon and ½ teaspoonful of soda. Stir till it foams. Line 4 pie pans with crust, and divide the mixture among them. Then mix with your hands 2 cupfuls of flour, 1 of sugar and a generous lump of butter; sprinkle evenly over your pies and bake. M. E. F.

PANCAKE PUDDING.—Two cupfuls sour milk, 1 egg, salt; a teaspoonful of soda; sufficient flour to make a batter. Fry in hot lard the same as doughnuts. Make a sauce of sugar, flour, butter; flavor with lemon and pour over them.—E. M. D.

TOMATO PICKLES.—Slice 10 lbs. of green tomatoes, let them stand in salt water over night, then drain and scald in weak vinegar. Drain again and throw this vinegar away; take 1 qt. of vinegar, 3 lbs of sugar, 1 oz of cloves, and 1 oz of ground cinnamon, and scald the tomatoes in the syrup. Do not let them cook to pieces. —M. E. T., Rockville, Ind.

FRUIT CAKE.—½ cupful molasses, 1 cupful yellow sugar, 1 cupful sour milk or cream, 2 eggs, pinch of salt; 1 teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, 1 teaspoonful salaratus, 1 cupful seeded raisins; flour to make quite stiff batter. If sour milk is used, use shortening.—H. M. S.

FOUR OF A KIND.

The days are "short" now because there is no such time in them as there was, and time is money.—[Pittsburg Chronicle.

"To my mind the seashore has one great disadvantage," said Mrs. Smithers, "and that is it's too near the water to be very dry."—[Harper's Bazar.

"Who is making all this talk?" asked the vinegar bottle severely at a social repast. "I am," said the champagne bottle proudly from the head of the table.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Bloomer (to ragged urchin)—"Your parents left you something when they died, did they not?" Urchin—"O, yes, sir. Bloomer—"What did they leave you?" Urchin—"An orphan, sir."—[Epoch.

Office of Schultz Belting Co.
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 6th, 1889.
DR. A. T. SHALLENBERGER,
Roshester, Pa. *Dear Sir:*—The Antidote came duly to hand. It is without doubt the best remedy in the world. I have seen my whole family (exclusive of myself), five in number, all shaking at one time, during a residence in Florida, and all restored to health after taking a few doses of the medicine.
Sincerely yours,
G. A. JENNINGS.

Harrison's Advice to Writers.

In matters literary, I have but one advice to give. Keep out of literature, at least until you feel ready to burst. Never write a line except out of duty, nor with any other object save that of getting it off your mind. About literature I have nothing to say. I have always felt myself more or less of an amateur. Nor do I remember to have wasted an hour in thinking about style or about conditions of literary success.—[Forum.

Digest Your Food,
If you want to be healthy. How can you if your teeth refuse to do their work? Get them put in order by skillful dentists, and use SOZODONT to keep them right. SOZODONT is the best preparation for the teeth.

Obeying the Injunction.

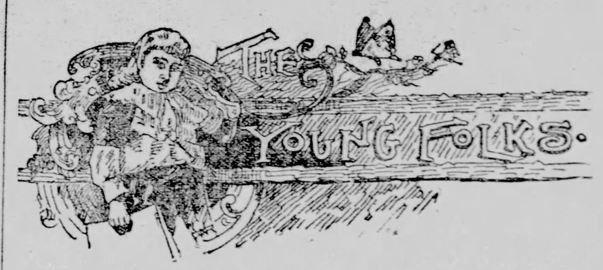
"You should not let your left hand know what your right hand does," said the clergyman to a parishoner.

"I don't," was the reply. "My right hand does very little. I'm left-handed."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Hyperbole Could No Further Go.

A genuine epitaph in a church-yard in Madrid: "Here lies Juan Pinto, the Spanish Orpheus. On reaching heaven he joined in the chorus of the archangels; but the moment the Deity heard his voice he cried out, 'Silence, you rabble, and let us hear the illustrious Juan Pinto!'"—[Judge.

—All scalp and skin diseases, dandruff, falling of the hair, gray or faded hair, may be cured by using that nature's true remedy, Hall's Hair Renewer.



BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

TESCOTT, KAN.

Nettie Webster,	Bruce Webster,
Katie Allen,	Charlie Allen,
John Sherrill,	Fred Sherrill,
Sarah Stanley,	Leroy Stanley,
Leof Barton,	Emma Barton,
Victor Barton,	Georgia Barton,
Ollie Eddy,	Lulu Eddy,
Grace Steiscon,	Grace Herrington,
Carrie Herrington,	Layton Herrington,
Frank Clinton,	Willie Clinton,
Lewis Frazeur,	Hattie Frazeur,
Winnie Frazeur,	Susie Frazeur,
Effie Kincel,	May Seidmore,
Mattie Crosin,	Mamie Irwin,
John Irwin,	Claude Irwin.

BLOOMING PRAIRIE, MINN.

Lucy Page.

Names this week, 31. Total, 29,889.

The above embraces all names received up to October 11.

Fun for Little Fingers.

Next week will begin the series for the little folks under the above title, and we hope they will all enjoy them, and that the employment thus given to their thoughts and fingers will be a help to the mothers of the HOUSEHOLD. It is the object of THE BLADE always, not only to entertain but to be helpful in the best and highest sense of the word.

THE LOST PRINCESS.

(A Fairy Story.)

ONCE upon a time there lived a wealthy king and queen who had an only child, Amelia. She was as fair and as beautiful as a lily—often being called Lily Amelia. At her birth the queen was told by the child's fairy godmother that Amelia would, as long as she was with them, bring good luck upon the house, but as soon as she left, misfortune would befall them. This warning caused the queen to keep Amelia within doors nearly all the time. Whenever she did go out it was only in the grounds about the castle, and then she was accompanied by her maid, who had been strictly told not to let Amelia go out of her sight.

Being a contented child, she roamed with delight the large and beautiful grounds. She was so kind and good to the insects that she played many a pleasant game with them while even the humble bee and the hornet never thought of stinging her. When not thus engaged, Amelia took a walk through the groves, listening to the song of the birds, or went down to the brook where she waded in the cool water.

One day, after walking along the side of the brook she lay herself down on a grassy patch and soon fell asleep. After she had been asleep a short time, her maid thought herself, "Now that Amelia is asleep nothing will happen to her, so I can go to sleep, too, I am awfully tired." Scarcely had she closed her eyes in slumber when a voice whispered in Amelia's ear, "Come, come with me! I will take you to see the Queen of the Flowers. Come!"

This woke Amelia, and looking around she saw no one.

"Why was that calling me? I wonder," said the child in astonishment.

"I," said the voice again, "come, go with me to the Queen of the Flowers."

"Where and who are you," said the child.

"Here I am." And a beautiful flower nodded its head to her.

"But, how could you take me to the Queen of the Flowers?"

"Just pluck me and see what will happen."

Amelia plucked the flower and instantly she stood before the Queen—a flower more beautiful than one ever beheld. It seemed as though all the colors of the rainbow were intermingled in the petals, making her indescribably lovely.

"HERE I AM."

"Is this the Queen of the Flowers?" asked Amelia.

"Yes," answered the Queen. "But now that you have plucked the flower, you shall be queen. Would you not like that?"

"Oh, yes!" Then she clapped her hands with joy.

Great preparations had to be made for the coronation of their new little queen. The flower castle was thoroughly cleaned from top to bottom—although in the end it was not very dusty. The longest and most difficult task was the arrangement of her throne. In the first place they had to decide what flower should hang over her head. After the weeping of many tears, the debate was finally settled by the former queen, who said that a white fairy-bell, covered with the various kinds of flowers and encircled with the different insects, should hang there, and the rest could be fixed as they liked. This pleased the flowers very much, so that it was not long before the throne was completed. After seeing that the castle was in perfect order, the former queen went to the little girl, touched her with a wand and immediately she became attired in a dress as golden as the sun and a wand to match it was given her. She was then escorted to her throne by all the Flowers and insects, who were singing beautiful songs of praise.

Now that she was queen, everyone was over-anxious to wait upon her—even the proudest of the flowers.

She stayed here many years ruling the flowers with wisdom; but at last she began to think of her parents whom she remembered lived in a castle. So one day she said to Constant, who was the former queen, "I would like to see my parents. Can't I go to see them? I know they want to see me, too."

"Oh," said Constant, "that is impossible. You have come to be our queen and here you must stay."

"But," she cried, while the tears streamed down her cheeks, "I would rather see my father and mother than to be queen here." Then she began to weep bitterly.

This caused the flowers to hold a meeting to decide what should be done. After the meeting was over, Constant came to Amelia and said:

"There is only one way by which you may be released from being queen, and that is by finding the golden watch set in diamonds which unlocks the castle gate at a certain hour. None of us know where it is, but we are told that it is some place in the castle. We will give you twenty-five days to search the palace from top to bottom; but if you do not succeed you will have to remain here forever."

"Oh, I shall try my best to find it," said the little queen. "Oh, my mamma and papa, I hope I shall see you soon." After she had finished the last sentence, she was so exhausted that she fell back in Constant's arms and fainted.

Early the next morning Amelia set out to find the watch, for she was intent on seeing her parents. But as the palace was so immense she felt as though she would never finish in twenty-five days. She took her favorite maid, Perseverence, with her. She now commenced with courage to search the whole castle in every crack and crevice for the watch.

All this time the king and queen were overwhelmed with grief at the loss of their child. They offered first a high reward to anyone who should find her, afterwards the child in marriage, and finally the kingdom and succession to the throne were added to the former offers.

This encouraged many young princes to search for Amelia, but all failed of success. At last there was a handsome prince who said one day to his father, "I intend to search for the Princess Amelia, and not to return till I find her. I will suffer all torments and even death to attain my end."

"Oh," said his father, in great alarm. "You are too hasty. You do not know what danger is before you."

"That is nothing," said the son. "I intend making the attempt. To-morrow I will start, so I want my favorite horse saddled early in the morning and a basket of food, also."

The king, seeing he could not dissuade his son, bid him a sad farewell the next morning.

He started out, and after traveling for a

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Pension Questions.

J. N. J., Lexington, Ind.: "Three years ago I filed for increase. After one year was ordered for examination. I know medical board reported in my favor. All the satisfaction I can get from Pension commissioner is that it will be reached in its turn. Is there any way that I can get information as to the status of the case? I had received a small increase only a year previous to filing this last application. Would this be any reason for delay in the present claim? I have no attorney."

You have all the information obtainable until your claim is reached.

A. W. W., Ashland, Ill.: "A woman, now nearly 80 years of age, was a widow at the beginning of the civil war. She had only two sons, both of whom enlisted in the service of the United States and died while in that service. She married again, but she has no husband living with her, or providing for her now. She is dependent upon strangers for aid which her sons would give her if they were living. Does the fact that she married again, and lived with her husband a number of years, debar her from receiving a pension for having given her two sons to the service of her country?"

She can obtain a pension.

C. H. G., Flint Ky.: "I have an agent at Washington trying to procure a pension for me. He advertised for business of this kind, and the law only allowed him $10 for his services and he solicits business at this allowance, but since giving him my case he asks remittance of me, one time for five stamps (ten cents), another time for $1. He says he has to look to his patrons to pay his stationery, postage and similar expenses. He says the pension office has decided these are legal charges on claimant, and should be paid by him. Now is this right, or is he culpable in taking said amounts?"

You need send no money to pay such expenses. His fee cannot exceed $10, and that covers everything.

Soldier's Wife: "1.—Is it necessary to employ an agent at Washington, too to see to a pension claim? 2.—Does it expedite the claim?"

1.—No. 2.—No.

Subscriber, Ulysses, Pa.: "1.—A woman having had a son in the army, and he honorably discharged, his father dead, and he unmarried, should the mother have to have that he was her son to get a pension? 2.—In what way?"

1.—Yes. 2.—In the regular way, on blanks provided for that purpose.

W. J. P., Russell, Iowa: "1.—Is pension money exempt from taxation? 1.—In other words, if I loan the money I get as pension, and use more, will I have to pay taxes on it if money being taxable in this state?"

1.—No. 2.—Yes.

A. B., Newfield, Pa.: "My father served in the Revolution war; had an honorable discharge, which is lost. He died in 1812, his wife died about 1820; all his children are dead except myself, the youngest born (in 1812). Could I get a pension?"

No.

Currency Questions.

J. F. T., Madisonville, Ky., asks: "1. Was the currency circulation in 1868 larger than it is in 1890? 2. When did we have most greenbacks, and what was the amount? 3. What was the per capita circulation in 1868, 1870, and 1890?"

1. No. In 1868 the entire circulation was $356,000,000; and its total volume was $679,745,000; and as gold averaged 135 that year, the purchasing power of a paper dollar was only a fraction over 75 cents. Now we have only as paper. The total amount of currency in the United States on July 1, 1890, by the last official report we have at hand is herewith given:

Total coin, not counting $612,—	
198,363 in the U. S. treasury at date unknown	$ 482,416,691
Paper currency, all kinds	991,989,719
Total	$1,474,406,750

Since that date, there has been an increase of over $80,000,000 added to this.

2.—The largest amount of greenbacks in circulation was on August 1, 1865, when there were $432,757,604 of them.

3. The circulation per capita in 1868 was $18.36; in 1877, $14.79 (this was the lowest, because it was the last year before redemption; and we have not the figures for 1878); for 1890 it will be about $24.48.

Your people must go dreadfully behindhand if they are still disputing over financial issues that are fully disposed of. The silver law settled the financial policy of the government, and it is time we ceased to argue over issues that can never revived.

"The War a Failure."

N. L. W., Armour, S. D.: The statement that the Democratic platform of 1864 deemed the war a failure, is correct. The second plank of the platform adopted by the Democratic national convention at Chicago, in August 29, 1864, was as follows—the italics are ours:

"*Resolved*, That this convention does *explicitly declare*, as the sense of the American people, that *after four years of failure* to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of military necessity of a higher power than the constitution, the constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and public right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country exhaustively impaired, justice, humanity, liberty and the public welfare demanded that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of all the states, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the federal union of the states."

The writer heard dozens of Democratic speeches that campaign, and they all declared the war a failure; that it was impossible to conquer the South. The Republicans replied that it was possible, and would be done; and they pointed out that the plan of a convention as of some one man, Jefferson Davis had haughtily declared, in public speeches, in his message to the Confederate Congress, and in other ways, that there was no basis of peace possible other than to recognize the independence of the Confederacy.

The Irish Sailleiah.

H. M. M., Milesburg, Pa., asks: "What kind of a weapon is the shillelah used by Irishmen? Please describe it."

The "-shilelah" or "shillelagh," as it is sometimes spelled, is generally understood to be Ireland's national weapon of defense. Its originality was a common blackthorn stick, but in modern time it has been replaced, in certain districts and among certain classes, by the more wiry ash sapling. The real shillalah is a young tree of the size and shape of the blackthorn pulled by the root from the crevice of some rock. After being slightly trimmed, it is placed in the smoke of turf peat, which tends to soften the hard fibre, and when it has reached a stage where it is as pliant as rubber, it is straightened. When cooled in the cold air, it becomes as strong and firm as iron.

The trimming process is then continued and when it is desired to make it a particularly handsome weapon, the spurs, so effective in a mêlée or in close fight, are ornamented with small brass nails. As peace turns the sabre into the original ploughshare, so an advancing civilization has changed the dangerous shillalah into a support for the aged, or a fancy holiday ornament for the young. The faction fights of Donnybrook have been replaced by the moral revolutions of Tipperary, and the Irish shillalah is the symbol of the past as the fairies which, in the days gone past, haunted the groves where the blooming blackthorn blossomed and flourished.

Whittier—Patti—Riley.

M. B. S., Coventryville, N. Y.—1.—John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, was born at Haverhill, Mass., in 1807, of Quaker parents, and is a Quaker himself; in 1829 became editor of the *American Manufacturer*, a paper published at Boston; in 1830, editor of the *New England Review*, Hartford, Conn.; removed to Boston, and in 1835 was elected to the Massachusetts legislature; in 1836 editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, at Philadelphia, and secretary of the Anti-Slavery society; in 1840, was offered a challenge, which he declined; removed back to Massachusetts, where he has since resided. His poetical writings are familiar to all.

2.—Adelina Maria Clorinda Patti, operatic singer, was born at Madrid, of Italian parentage, in 1843; came to America with her parents while a child; sang in concerts here; made her debut in London in 1861, and has been on the stage ever since. She married the Marquis de Caux, and was divorced in 1876, and married Nicolini, the tenor.

3.—We have not a biographical sketch of J. Whitcomb Riley. If some one will send a brief one, we will publish.

Literary Work.

W. A. C., Montserrat, Mo.: 1.—The only way to get your articles published is to send them by mail, inclosing an envelope large enough to contain the MS., with enough postage stamps on it to return it to you; to some periodical which, from an inspection of its contents, you think the article will suit. 2.—The chief purchasers of original matter are the literary magazines, reviews, literary weeklies, and some of the large dailies. 3.—There is no "ordinary price." Each periodical generally has its own scale of prices. THE BLADE does not, for instance, pay for voluntary contributions. We arrange with authors to write what we want. Don't imagine you can make money at literature, as a miscellaneous contributor, for you can not. You should be glad to get your articles printed, whether you get any pay or not; for unless you get a reputation as a writer, you will not earn enough to buy your paper and pay your postage.

The "Needle's Eye."

Inquirer, Lansing, Mich., asks: "Will you give the Greek words translated," a needle's eye, in St. Luke, xviii: 25?"

An exact translation of the Greek words for "a needle's eye," Luke xviii, 25, is *trematos belones*. Taking Robinson's Lexicon of the New Testament—and Robinson is authority—we find the first word means "that which is pierced through; a hole; as the eye of a needle." This is classical Greek, and so also is the use of the word *belone*, as meaning the point of a weapon; and, in the New Testament, a needle. *Belones* is the possessive form. No other meaning is given; there is no latitude for a different translation. But an explanation of the startling affirmation given in the above text, may be found in Mark x, 21-25, evidently a fuller account of the same conversation, where Christ seems to explain his meaning. Whether a certain gate was called a needle's eye, is another question.

Party Control in Congress.

P. H. C., Alton, Kan.:—Both houses of Congress had Republican majorities from 1861 until the 44th Congress. Since then the politics of the two branches has been:

Congress	House.	Senate.
44th—1875-77	Dem.	Rep.
45th—1877-79	Dem.	Rep.
46th—1879-81	Dem.	Dem.
47th—1881-83	Rep.	+—
48th—1883-85	Dem.	+—
49th—1885-87	Dem.	Rep.
50th—1887-89	Dem.	Rep.
51st—1889-91	Rep.	Rep.

* 37 Republicans, 37 Democrats, 1 Read-juster, 1 Independent.

† 36 Republicans, 36 Democrats, 2 Read-justers.

Senator Ingalls.

"S. D.," Battle Hill, Kan.: Senator Ingalls has always been a Republican. Here is the record of his life:

Born at Middleton, Essex county, Mass., Dec. 29, 1833; graduated at Williams college, 1855; admitted to the bar in 1857; removed to Kansas, October, 1858; delegate to the Wyandotte constitutional convention, 1859; secretary of the territorial Council, 1860; secretary of the state senate, 1861; member of state senate in 1862; major, lieutenant colonel and judge advocate Kansas volunteers, 1862-65; elected to U. S. Senate, 1873, '79, '85. We infer from your letter that there are a lot of Democratic lies loose in Kansas.

The Letter W.

W. P., Aumsville, Ore., asks:—"In adopting the Roman alphabet by the English, why did they add another letter, to-wit: W? All the other letters are pronounced in one syllable; W requires three. In Latin silent letters are not used. Every word has as many syllables as there are vowels in it. Why not drop silent letters in English?"

The original form of the letter U was V; and W, in shape, is a double of this, and still preserves the name "double U." The history of its adoption into the language is unknown to us. There have been numberless schemes of reforming English spelling, but there is no power that can compel the adoption of a reform. Everybody admits the need of it, but no one knows how to compel a change.

The Meaning of "Ss."

W. L. LeClaire, Iowa, writes: "In your Weekly of September 25, on the question of the meaning of the letters 'ss.' attached to legal documents, you give the word *sollicet*, meaning namely. I have tried for several years to find out their meaning, consulting several lawyers and all the books I could find likely to give it. The most feasible explanation to my mind is given by the Encyclopedia Britannica, which says they are the abbreviation of *supra scripsimus* (above written), for the following reasons: As there are two letters, it seems probable there were two words; the meaning seems to me much more appropriate, or in other words makes better sense, than 'namely.'"

The Bureau gave the meaning as given in a law dictionary.

Astrology.

J. W. McD., Newport, O.: Astrology was the pretended science of predicting future events from the positions of the stars and planets. It was one of the most ancient forms of superstition, and prevailed among ancient nations from the very dawn of history. It spread all over Europe during the Middle Ages. The advance in the knowledge of astronomy gave the deathblow to superstition, and it died—blow. When it was proved that the earth is one of the planets, the absurdity was at once seen that all the other planets, not to speak of the fixed stars, should be occupied in influencing the destinies of its inhabitants. There are, at the present day, even, some fortune-tellers who pretend to practice this humbug.

Machine-Made Nails.

W. P., Aumsville, Ore., asks: "When did the nails now in use, known as 10, 8, 6, 1, etc., penny nails, come into use? I can remember when nails, made by a blacksmith, were in common use."

The first nail machine to come into general use was invented by Jesse Reed, of Massachusetts, about 1800; and, with improvements, is the one most largely used in making cut nails. The steel-nail machine was brought into use only a few years ago.

The term "penny," used to indicate the size of nails, is supposed to be a corruption of "pound;" that is, 10-penny nail is of such a size that 1,000 of them weigh 10 pounds; a 4-penny, 1,000 weigh 4 pounds, and so on.

New Representatives—Electors.

S. R. G., Winston, Mo., asks: "1.—How many more representatives are there in the House since the admission of the two Dakotas, Wyoming, Montana, Washington and Idaho? 2.—Who selects the electors whose names appear on Presidential tickets?"

1.—South Dakota has two Representatives in the present Congress; the other five new states, one each—seven in all.

2.—The candidates for Presidential electors are selected thus: the two candidates for electors at large, by the state convention of each political party; and the one candidate for each Congressional district by the district convention of each party.

Date of Election Day.

A. W., New Plymouth, O., asks: "Why is election day put on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November? Why would it not have been the same if they had said on the first Tuesday in November?"

We do not know the reason, if there be one, for this peculiar phraseology. If there is any one present, we wish some one would send it for publication. As it is, election day comes on some day from the 2d to the 9th of November, inclusive; if it were on "the first Tuesday in November," it would be on some day from November 1 to 8, inclusive.

Political "Off Years."

A. W., New Plymouth, O.: A governor, legislature, and most of the state officers in Ohio are elected every two years. The next year there are only three state officers to be elected. Hence the intermediate years are termed "off years," because there is not so much interest taken in that campaign as usual. In national politics, the "off years" are those between the Presidential campaigns.

Veterans' Sons in the G. A. R.

E. F. H., Elkhart, Ind.: "I claim that at the G. A. R. encampment last year in Milwaukee, a resolution was passed allowing the eldest son of any veteran to join the G. A. R. Am I right? Will you please publish the resolution?"

No such resolution was passed.

That Offer of Reward.

E. R., Metamen, Wis., writes: "The government of New South Wales withdrew the offer of £25,000 for a plan to exterminate the rabbits, in 1889. I send their full and final report."

Miscellaneous.

Veritas Trenton, Mo.: To publish the name of a business firm is advertising. See rule 2.

J. W. S., Curtice, O.: There is no local stationary boiler inspector in Lucas county. None is required by law.

W. C. V., Winona, Ky.: Mrs. Gen. Fremont was given a pension of $2,000 a year, just before Congress adjourned.

Mrs. W., McCool Junction, Nebr.: The reason this is the 51st Congress is fully explained in the Bureau of Sept. 25.

R. W. H., Culbertson, Nebr.: We have no idea where the headquarters of the Sons of the Revolution is located.

H. M. M., Seligman, Mo.: We have no formula for making "waterproof ink," nor do we know what it is, nor for what used.

C. W. A., Lily, S. D.: 1.—If subject to cramp, don't go into cold water. 2.—When the skin of an animal is dried, it is raw hide.

F. J. W., Kelso, Wash.: If some one will send us a printed slip of the poem, "There is no death," it will be published in THE BLADE.

W. E. W., Golden City, Ark.: The best thing to do is to consult a good physician. We can not publish requests to send information, etc.

Subscriber, Roanoke, Ind.: The latest and best work on the tariff is Prof. V. B. Denslow's "Principles of Political Economy." Any bookseller can order it for you.

W. K., Girard, Ill.: Any railroad agent will allow you to look at his railway guide, from which you can get the name and address of any railroad official you may wish.

M. M. M., Bingamon, W. Va.: If you mean, by a "stylographic" pen, one that has a fine steel point, working through an opening in the bottom of the ink reservoir, they are entirely out of date.

E. W., Laurens, Iowa: Go to a doctor in your town, tell him you wish to read medicine with him, and he will tell you all you wish to know. There is no rule about such matters.

J. O., Dayton, O., writes: "If a boy 5 years old comes here with his parents, and his father becomes a citizen, does that naturalize the boy?" Yes. If some one will send a formula for waterproofing cloth we will publish it.

R. H., Ducktown, Tenn.: 1.—The auditor of state's report shows that there were 10,754 saloons in Ohio last July. 2.—We can not tell the number of churches in Ohio until the census reports are published. 3.—Col. Whitfield, of Cincinnati, succeeded Hon. J. S. Clarkson as assistant postmaster general.

P. W. S., Lathrop, Mo.: The base ball averages have not been published yet. The official announcement of individual records of the League, Brotherhood, and Association will not be published for a month. The Association is not yet through playing ball. When the averages are issued your question will be answered.

M. N., Twelve Mile, Tex.: We do not think Queen Victoria has any surname, either maiden or married. Surnames are of recent origin, dating back only two or three hundred years. 2.—We do not know, where, when nor by whom, the first permanent settlement was made in Kansas. If any one will send us the facts, they will be published.

P. M., Toledo, Ill.: 1.—See editorial page (4th) of this issue of the Weekly BLADE (Oct. 16), article headed "The Tin Plate Question." 2.—Pugilistic fouls, trials of skill, etc., being brought in to undersell our own, as has been the case with Canadian barley for years, until the new tariff law was passed. 3.—A synopsis of Mr. Conkling's last speech was given on 7th page of Weekly BLADE of Oct. 9.

W. G. B., St. Anne, Ill.: The National Soldiers' Home at Washington, D. C., is for the benefit of dependent veterans of the regular army. The plan was originated by Winfield Scott, long before the rebellion; and the funds came from an assessment of 12 cents a month, deducted from the pay of every private in the regular army, from the close of the Mexican war up to the present time.

C. H., Epworth, Iowa: A copyright law is a law giving to an author the exclusive right to his writings for a term of years; that is, no one can publish them without his consent. 2.—The word "transcendental," as applied to Emerson's philosophy, means the principles of pure reason, which occupy themselves not with the objects nor matter of knowledge, but with the subjective ideas or forms, as time, space, substance and causality. Emerson formulated no system. His largest generalization was "Compensation."

Talmage's Sermon.

HIS FIRST DAY IN JERUSALEM.

His Visit to Calvary and a Look at the Reputed Tomb of Christ—A View From the Housetop.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 12.—This morning Dr. Talmage delivered his third sermon on his recent tour in Palestine, in the Academy of Music in this city. The large building was crowded, and numbers went away disappointed. The doctor spoke as follows from the text: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Psalm cxxxvii., 5.

Paralysis of his best hand, the withering of his muscles and nerves, is here invoked if the author allows to pass out of mind the grandeurs of the Holy City where once he dwelt. Jeremiah, seated by the river Euphrates, wrote this psalm and not David. Afraid I am of anything that approaches imprecation, and yet I can understand how any one who has ever been at Jerusalem should, in enthusiasm, cry out, whether he be sitting by the Euphrates, or the Hudson or the Thames, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand lose her cunning!"

I am here at last in this very Jerusalem and on a housetop, just after the dawn of the morning of December 3, with an old inhabitant to point out the salient features of the scenery. "Now," said "where is Mount Zion?" "Here at your right." "Mount Olivet?" "In front of where you stand." "Where is the Garden of Gethsemane?" "In yonder valley." "Where is Mount Calvary?" Before he answered, I saw it. No unprejudiced mind can have a moment's doubt as to where it is. Yonder I see a hill in the shape of a human skull and the Bible says that Calvary was the "place of a skull." Not only is it skull-shaped, but just beneath the forehead of the hill is a cavern that looks like eyeless sockets. Within the grotto under it, is the shape of the inside of a skull. Then the Bible says Christ was crucified outside the gate, and this is outside the gate, while the site formerly selected was inside the gate. Besides that, this hill was for ages the place where malefactors were put to death, and Christ was slain as a malefactor.

The Savior's assassination took place beside a thoroughfare along which people went "wagging their heads," and there is the ancient thoroughfare. I saw at Cairo, Egypt, a clay mold of that skull hill, made by the late Gen. Gordon, the arbiter of nations. While Empress Helena, 80 years of age and imposed upon by having three crosses exhumed before her dim eyes as though they were the three crosses of Bible story, selected another site as Calvary, all recent travelers agree that the one I point out to you was, without doubt, the scene of the most terrific and overwhelming tragedy this planet ever witnessed.

There were a thousand things we wanted to see that third day of December and our dragoman proposed this and that and the other journey, but I said: "First of all, show me to Calvary. Something might happen if we went elsewhere and sickness or accident might hinder our seeing the sacred mount. If we see nothing else, we must see that and see it this morning." Some of us in carriage and some on mule-back, we were soon on the way to the most sacred spot that the world has ever seen or ever will see.

Coming to the base of the hill we first went inside the skull of rocks. It is called Jeremiah's grotto, for there the prophet wrote his Book of Lamentations. The grotto is 35 feet high and its top and side are malachite, green, brown, black, white, red and gray. Coming forth from those pictured subterraneous passages, we begin to climb the steep sides of Calvary. As we go up we see cracks and crevices in the rocks which I think were made by the convulsions of nature when Jesus died.

It is impossible for you to realize what our emotions were as we gathered, a group of men and women, all saved by the blood of the Lamb, on a bluff of Calvary, just wide enough to contain three crosses. While we sat there the whole scene came before us. All around the top and the sides, and the foot of the hill a mob rages. They gnash their teeth and shake their clenched fists at him. Here the cavalry horses champ their bits, and paw the earth and snort at the smell of the carnage. Yonder a group of gamblers are pitching up as to who shall have the coat of the dying Saviour. There are women almost dead with grief among the crowd, his mother and his aunt, and some whose sorrows He had comforted, and whose guilt he had pardoned. Here a man dips a sponge into sour wine, and by a stick lifts it to the hot and cracked lips. The hemorrhage of the five wounds has done its work.

The atmospheric conditions are such as the world never saw before or since. It was not a solar eclipse, such as astronomers record or we ourselves have seen. It was a bereavement of the heavens! Darker! Until the towers of the temple were no longer visible. Darker! Until the surrounding hills disappeared. Darker! Until the inscription above the middle cross becomes illegible. Darker! Until the chin of the dying Lord falls upon the breast, and he sighed with his last sigh, the words, "It is finished!"

Unable longer to endure the pressure of this scene we moved on and into the garden of olives, a garden which in the right season is full of flowers, and here is the reputed tomb of Christ. You know the book says, "In the midst of the garden was a sepulcher." I think this was the garden and this the sepulcher. It is shattered of course. About four steps down we went into this, which seemed a family tomb. There is room in it for about five bodies. We measured it, and found it about eight feet high and nine feet wide and fourteen feet long. The crypt where I think our Lord slept was seven feet long.

Up these steps walked the lacerated feet of the Conqueror, and from these heights, he looked off upon the city that had cast him out, and upon the world he had come to redeem, and at the heavens through which he would soon ascend.

But he must hasten back to the city. There are stones in the wall which Solomon had lifted. Stop here and see a startling proof of the truth of prophecy. In Jeremiah, 31st chapter and 40th verse, it is said that Jerusalem shall be built through the ashes. What ashes, people have been asking? Were those ashes just put into the prophecy to fill up? Not the meaning has been recently discovered. Jerusalem is now being built out in a certain direction where the ground has been submitted to chemical analysis and it has been found to be the ashes cast out from the sacrifices of the ancient temple, ashes of the wood and ashes of bones of animals. There are great mounds of ashes, accumulation of centuries of sacrifices.

Pass by the place where the corner stone of the ancient temple was laid three thousand years ago by Solomon. Explorers have been digging, and they found that corner stone seventy-five feet beneath the surface. It is fourteen feet long, and three feet, eight inches high, and beautifully cut and shaped, and near it was an earthen jar that was supposed to have contained the oil of consecration used at the ceremony of laying the corner-stone. I walk further on far under ground, and I find myself in Solomon's stables, and see the places worn in the stone pillars by the halters of some of his 12,000 horses. Further on, look at the pillars on which Mount Moriah was built. You know that the mountain was too small for the temple, and so they built the mountain out on pillars, and I saw eight of those pillars, each one strong enough to hold a mountain.

Here we enter the mosque of Omar, a throne of Mohammedanism, where we are met at the door by officials who bring slippers that we must put on before we take a step further, less our feet pollute the sacred place. A man attempting to go in without these slippers would be struck dead on the spot. These awkward sandals adjusted as well as we could, we are led to where we see a rock with an opening in it through which, no doubt, the blood of sacrifice in the ancient temple rolled down and away. At vast expense the mosque has been built, but so somber is the place I am glad to get through it and take off the cumbrous slippers, and step into the outer air.

Yonder is a curve of stone which is part of a bridge which once reached from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion, and over it David walked or rode to prayers in the temple. Here is the wailing place of the Jews, where for centuries almost perpetually during the daytime whole generations of Jews have stood putting their heads or lips against the wall of what was once Solomon's temple. It was one of the saddest and most solemn and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to see scores of these descendants of Abraham with tears rolling down their cheeks, and lips trembling with emotion, a book of psalms open before them, bewailing the ruin of the ancient temple and the captivity of their race, and crying to God for the restoration of the temple in all its original splendor.

But I must get back to the housetop where I stood early this morning, and before the sun sets, that I may catch a wider vision of what the city now is and and once was. Standing here on the housetop, I see that the city was built for military safety. Some old warrior, I warrant, selected the spot. It stands on a hill 2,600 feet above the level of the sea, and deep ravines on three sides do the work of military trenches. Compact as no other city was compact. Only three miles journey round, and the three ancient towers, Hippicus, Phasaelus, Mariamne, frowning death upon the approach of all enemies.

As I stood there on the housetop in the midst of the city, I said, "O Lord, reveal to me this metropolis of the world, that I may see it as it once appeared." No one was with me, for I have at some other time you can see more vividly with no one but God and yourself present. Immediately the Mosque of Omar, which have stood for ages on Mount Moriah, the site of the ancient temple, disappeared and the most honored structure of all the ages lifted itself in the light and I saw it—the temple, the ancient temple! Not Solomon's temple, but something grander than that. Not Zerubbel's temple, but something more gorgeous than that.

It was Herod's temple built for the one purpose of eclipsing all its architectural predecessors. There it stood, covering nineteen acres, and ten thousand workmen had been forty-six years in building it. Blaze of magnificence! Bewildering range of porticoes, and ten gate-ways, and double arches, and Corinthian capitals chiseled into lilies and acanthus. Masonry beveled and grooved into such delicate forms that it seemed to tremble in the light. Cloisters with two rows of Corinthian columns, royal arches, marble steps as wide as though made out of frozen snow, carving that seemed like a pazel of the door of heaven let down and set in, the facde of the building on shoulders at each end lifting the glory higher and higher.

But while standing there on the housetop that December afternoon, I hear the crash of the 23 mighty sieges which have come against Jerusalem in the ages past. Yonder is the pool of Hezekiah, and Siloam, and again and again were those waters reddened with human gore. Yonder are the towers, but again and again they fall. Yonder are the high walls, but again and again they are leveled. To rob the treasures from her temple and palace and dethrone this queen city of the earth, all nations plotted. David taking the throne at Hebron, decides that he must have Jerusalem for his capital and, coming up from the south at the head of 280,000 troops he captures it.

Look, here comes another siege of Jerusalem! The Assyrians under Sennacherib, enslaved nations at the point of the wheel, having taken two hundred thousand captives in his one campaign. Phœnician cities kneeling at his feet, Egypt trembling at the flash of his sword, comes upon Jerusalem. Look, another siege! The armies of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar come down and take a plunder from Jerusalem such as no other city ever had to yield, and ten thousand of her citizens trudged off into Babylonian bondage. Look, another siege! and Nebuchadnezzar and his hosts by night go through a breach of the Jerusalem wall, and the morning finds some of them seated triumphant in the temple, and what they could not take away because too heavy, they hack up—the brazen sea, and the two wreathed pillars Jachin and Boaz.

Another siege of Jerusalem; and Pompey with the battering-rams with a hundred men would roll back, and then at full run forward would bang against the wall of the city, and catapults hurling the rocks upon the people, left 12,000 dead and the city in the clutch of the Roman war eagle. Look, a more desperate siege of Jerusalem! Titus with his tenth legion on Mount of Olives. All is taken now but the temple, and Titus, the conqueror, wants to save that unharmed, but a soldier, contrary to orders, hurls a torch into the temple and it is consumed. Many strangers were in the city at the time, 97,000 captives were taken, and Josephus says 1,100,000 lay dead.

But looking from this housetop the siege that most absorbs us is that of the Crusaders. England and France and all Christendom wanted to capture the Holy Sepulcher and Jerusalem, then in possession of the Mohammedans under the command of one of the loveliest, bravest, and mightiest men that ever lived, for justice must be done him, though he was a Mohammedan—glorious Saladin! Against him came the armies of Europe under Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England; Philip Augustus, King of France; Tancred, Raymond, Godfrey, and other valiant men, marching on through fevers, and plagues, and battle and sieges and sufferings, as intense as the world ever saw.

With all the world looking on, the armies of Europe come within sight of Jerusalem. At the first glimpse of the city they fall on their faces in reverence, and then lift anthems of praise. Then the battering-rams rolled, and the catapults swung, and the swords thrust, and the carnage raged. Godfrey of Bouillon is the first to mount the wall, and the Crusaders, a cross on every shoulder or breast, having taken the city, march bare-headed and bare-footed to the Holy Sepulcher, and kiss the tomb. Jerusalem the possession of Christendom. But Saladin retook the city, and for the last 400 years it has been in possession of cruel and polluted Mohammedanism.

Another crusade is needed to start for Jerusalem, a crusade in this nineteenth century greater than all those of the past centuries put together. A crusade in which you and I will march. A crusade without weapons of death, but only the sword of the spirit. A crusade that will make not a single wound, nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiarize one homestead. A crusade of gospel peace! And the cross again be lifted on Calvary, not as once an instrument of pain, but a signal of invitation, and the Mosque of Omar shall give place to a Church of Christ, and Mount Zion become the dwelling place not of David but of David's Lord, and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heavenly city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw, "the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God." Through its gates may we all enter when our work is done, and in its temple, greater than all the earthly temples piled in one, may we worship.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

General Condition of Business Throughout the Country Satisfactory.

B. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade, dated New York, October 11, says: Business in all branches shows improvement. Prices of all commodities are a shade stronger than a week ago, grain and oil having advanced with many kinds of manufactured products, but the general advance since October 1 is not a quarter of 1 per cent as yet. The movement of commodities is very heavy, the money market is nowhere a source of embarrassment, and the feeling of confidence every where increases. At Boston, business is good, with advanced prices of many articles, as trade is adjusting itself to changes of duty. Philadelphia reports advance in wool, and general trade in groceries. The iron trade is sure and at Pittsburg is unchanged, the glass business is well sustained, and lead so scarce that some of the works requiring that material or spelter have suspended operations. At Chicago, the grain trade is slightly below last year's, with moderate increase in flour, nearly 50 per cent in cured meats, and a volume of business in all lines of merchandise fully up to last year's. All lines are strong at St. Louis, and very fair at Detroit, trade is good at Milwaukee, St. Paul, Omaha and Denver, and satisfactory at Kansas City. Southern reports are generally bright, the movements of cotton being remarkably early and large.

The great industries are gaining. In spite of the enormous output of pig iron, the tone is stronger, and at Philadelphia mill iron is 25c higher. Consumption gains, and until navigation closes increasing strength is expected, bar, sheet and wrought pipe works being crowded. The trade here is weak only in mill and Bessemer iron, but with no pressure to sell. Wool is moving largely at better prices at Philadelphia and Boston.

Breadstuffs have been advancing in spite of small exports, which fall far below last year's as yet.

Wheat has risen 3½c for the week on sales of 20,000,000 bushels here, and corn nearly 2c on sales of 10,000,000 bushels.

Pork has risen 2c with insignificant dealings, and coffee is ¼c lower, the present range of prices being decorously described as "strained."

India rubber is also lower, the prafine being quoted at 85c.

Tin has fluctuated because of foreign speculation, and sells at 25¾c, but tin plates are higher, though the new demand is moderate, and the manufacture in this country had actually begun to turn out plates before the tariff bill was signed.

Lard is scarce at $5.80, and the effect of the Mexican decision is said to be seriously felt. Large contracts for lake copper have been made, but there are reports of considerable sales at 16¾c.

The treasury has taken in during the past week $3,000,000 more than it has paid out. The state of foreign trade is fairly satisfactory, for while exports of grain are restricted, cotton moves largely, and though the value of exports last week showed a decline in comparison with last year, the movement then was remarkably heavy in October. But the weakness of American securities in London and the disturbed state of the stock market there, approaching a panic on Thursday, affects prices here and lessens the chance of early imports of specie.

The business failures throughout the country during the past seven days number 215, as compared with a total of 197 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 214.

CROP REPORT.

Monthly Statement of the Department of Agriculture.

The October estimates of yield per acre for the entire breadth of cereal crops, as consolidated by the department of Agriculture, are Winter wheat, 10.8 bushels per acre; spring wheat, 11.5; the wheat crop, 11.1; oats, 12.8; barley, 21; rye, 11.8 bushels.

The condition of corn is 70.6 instead of 70.1 last month; buckwheat 90.7 instead of 90.5; potatoes 61.7 instead of 65.7; tobacco 85.4 instead of 82.4. There is practically no change in the general average of condition except a reduction of four in potatoes and an increase of two points in tobacco.

The effect of winter frosts upon wheat is shown by the low rate of yield to have been severe. The figure would have been lower but for the reduction of area by plowing and planting of the worst fields in other crops. Some of the higher rates of principal states are New York, 15.3; Pennsylvania, 12; Ohio, 12.2; Michigan, 15.2; Illinois, 11.5; Missouri, 11.3; Kansas, 13.5; California, 13; Oregon, 15.

The crop made a very low yield throughout the South, where the acreage is small. In the Ohio valley the variation in yield, in different counties, as on farms in the same county, has an extraordinary range from five to twenty-five bushels, and in exercise cases from one to thirty bushels. One county in Illinois claims "the best crop in years," and another "a poorer crop than was expected." Soils in good condition, that had thorough tillage, made the best yields.

The Rocky Mountain areas made high averages in spring wheat, on limited areas. The Dakota yields, varying from a bushel or two to 35 bushels, make an average of nine bushels per acre. Minnesota returns 12 and Wisconsin 12.5 bushels. The estimated yield of oats is 19.8 bushels, which is the lowest ever reported, probably reducing the aggregate product more than 200,000,000 bushels.

Military Works Abandoned.

Upon the recommendation of the major general commanding the army the military works at Ft. Pike and Ft. Macomb, La., have been ordered abandoned.

ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN.

This Time the Case Comes from Minneapolis.

Minneapolis has furnished a case that parallels the one of Enoch Arden in almost every detail. About 25 years ago George McKay wooed and won the daughter in a family that had emigrated from the South at the close of the war and settled in Southern Indiana.

Everything, apparently, went well with the young couple, and two children, a boy and a girl, were born to them. In the course of time the family removed to Quincy. Here, fifteen years ago, the husband disappeared, without giving any reasons, and since that time no word has been received from him.

It was finally reported that he was dead, and this conclusion was accepted by his wife and relatives. After waiting eight years, and being convinced that her husband was not in the land of the living, Mrs. McKay became Mrs. William A. Gould, and removed to Minneapolis, Minn.

Everything since the second marriage went smoothly, and the memory of the first husband was forgotten. About ten days ago a person appeared on the scene of their domestic life creating not only surprise but consternation among the members of the family.

It was none other than George McKay, who, after a separation of fifteen years, had returned to claim his wife. He had nothing to say for himself as to where he had been, but only asked his one-time wife to come and live with him. Mrs. Gould, in view of his inexplicable conduct, naturally was unwilling to return to him.

The climax to this strange case was reached last Sunday, and matters were settled without the aid of the law or any other human agency, and the settlement is final and irrevocable. Mrs. McKay (or Gould) died. McKay asked permission to attend the funeral, which was granted. Both husbands forgot their animosity toward each other, and mourned in silence the woman who had been "little wife to both."

FOUND FLAWS IN IT.

The Indiana Election Law Would Not Pass Legal Inspection.

In an opinion handed down at Indianapolis in the supreme court, it declares that section 13 of the Australian election law, passed by the last legislature, is unconstitutional. On some of the questions the opinions of the judges are unanimous, but on some others they are not.

All of the judges agree that the legislature cannot add to the qualifications of voters, and that the provisions requiring 90 days' residence in the country, and that voters shall be tax payers, are unconstitutional and void. In the opinion of the court written by Judge Olds, it is held that under the constitution the legislature may pass a general registry law but can not pass a partial one; that the legislature cannot require a longer residence than that prescribed by the constitution; that section 13 is a partial registry law and that it does not add to the constitutional requirements of voters. Judge Mitchell, in a separate opinion, holds that the provisions of section 13, which require a residence in the county of 90 days, are invalid and so are these requiring voters to be tax payers, but that other provisions of the act are valid. Judge Elliott also

reception and generous welcome, and saying it inspired him, if possible, to greater efforts in the conscientious service of the people as their public official.

From the Merchants Exchange the President and his party were escorted to the fair grounds and conducted through its various departments by Gov. Francis, Mayor Noonan, the reception committee and the officers of the fair.

The President and Party Returning to the Capital.

Promptly at 6 o'clock a. m., on October 13, the special train bearing President Harrison and his party pulled out of Indianapolis on the return to Washington. The President spent the night aboard his car, and as he arose in the morning he appeared much refreshed from the day's rest afforded him Sunday at Indianapolis. The schedule provided for a dozen brief stops to enable old friends in Indiana and Ohio to have an opportunity to greet the President.

At Pendleton, a brief stop was made and a committee from Anderson, headed by Mr. Winfield T. Durbin, boarded the train. An immense crowd was assembled at Anderson, and the President, on being introduced, spoke briefly.

When the city of Muncie was reached an immense assembly had congregated, Congressman Thomas Brown here boarded the train and welcomed the President, to which he responded briefly.

At Winchester a stand had been erected, and several thousand people were assembled. Every building in the city was decorated, and even the telegraph poles were adorned with stars and stripes. In a few appropriate words Congressman Brown introduced the President, who replied briefly.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

IMPORTANT PENSION DECISION.

The Status of Prisoners of War Who Joined the Rebel Army.

Assistant Secretary Bussey has rendered in the case of Russell S. Cole, late of Co. E, 1st. regiment N. Y. veteran cavalry, and Co. D, 27th N. Y. volunteers, a decision that defines the status of prisoners of war who, having enlisted in the rebel service in order to escape imprisonment, and who returned to their own command afterward, are applicants for pension on account of disabilities incurred by reason of the service and in the line of duty.

This decision rescinds the ruling made by Commissioner Black, May 23, 1885, in which the commissioners held that regardless of circumstances or of motives a prisoner of war so enlisting in the rebel service, even as a device of escape from starvation or imprisonment, should be held as having "voluntarily" aided the rebellion, and therefore barred from pension by section 4,716, Revised statutes, which prohibits pensions to persons "who in any manner engaged in, or aided, or abetted the late rebellion."

The assistant secretary quotes rulings made in similar cases by Secretaries Cox and Teller in opposition to the ruling made by Commissioner Black, and presents fully the legal aspects of the question.

After quoting and applying a ruling made by ex-Judge Advocate General Holt, and also, section 4 of the Act approved March 3, 1863, the assistant secretary concludes as follows:

"The records in the case show that the claimant was a veteran soldier whose reenlistment in the Union army, after a gallant service of two years was dated Sept. 18, 1863. He was captured in battle July 30, 1864. He was conveyed to a rebel military prison and kept in distressing confinement at Andersonville, Ga., a number of months.

"Finally on Jan. 25, 1865, he accepted the alternative of enlistment in the rebel service with a view to escape from the enemy rather than continue in the walls of the Andersonville prison. In fact, his enlistment under the circumstances was but the continuation, in another form, of the duress and imprisonment to which he had been subjected and should be so construed.

"He swears that the said enlistment was whereby he sought to return to the federal lines, as proof of which is found in the fact that he did return to the federal lines.

"He was received by his commanding officer and by his comrades as a worthy associate, and was honorably discharged from the federal service with his company, July 20, 1865. This record is a complete vindication of the soldier's motive, loyalty and honor. His account of his escape from the enemy was believed by his comrades; it was, as shown by the record, accepted as true by the War department, and it is no part of the duty of this department at this late period to try and convict him upon an allegation which was neither preferred against him nor contemplated at that time, when he returned from captivity to the shelter of his country's standard.

TO KEEP THEIR MEMORY FRESH.

Mrs. Harrison at the Head of a Noble Undertaking.

An organization has been perfected in Washington City, by the name of the "Daughters of the American Revolution." The purpose of the society is to secure and preserve the historical spots of America, and to erect thereon suitable monuments to perpetuate the memories of the heroic deeds of men and women who aided the revolution and created constitutional government in America.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison has been elected president general of the society, and Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, vice president general-at-large, in charge of the organization. A list of vice presidents-general and a number of other officers, including an advisory board was also elected.

The first undertaking by the society will be the completion of the monument to the memory of Mary Washington, mother of President George Washington, and every American is asked to send in a contribution to the Treasurer, Mrs. Col. Marshall McDonald, of this city.

Resolutions were adopted favoring the passage of the bill introduced in the House by Representative Sherman, of New York, arranging for the marking by the government of the historical spots of the revolution, setting apart the 11th of October as the permanent anniversary or meeting day of the society in commemoration of the discovery of America, and requesting that a special building or space set aside in the World's Columbian Exposition for the exhibition relics and other things illustrative of the period of the American revolution, under the care of the lady managers, which exhibit shall, afterward, be brought to Washington and be permanently continued.

GOVERNMENT FIGURES.

What the Beef and Hog Exports of the Country Amount to.

The chief of the bureau of statistics reports the total values of the exports of beef and hog products from the United States during the month of September, 1890, and during the eleven months ended September 30, 1890, compared with similar exports during the corresponding periods of the preceding year, as follows:

September, 1890, $1,122,540; September, 1889, $844,54. Nine months ended September 30, 1890, $6,674,139; nine months ended September 30, 1889, $7,754,371.

CAN GET A PENSION.

Assistant Secretary Chandler Reverses Another of Black's Rulings.

Assistant Secretary Chandler has made a decision in the case of Joseph Zerbach, late of Company L, 2d Missouri Artillery. The record shows that in April, 1864, while claimant was on duty, watering horses, he was assailed by a comrade who, with a revolver, beat him over the head, fracturing his skull, which resulted in a permanent disability, and the evidence shows that the assault was unprovoked. The assistant secretary holds that the injury was received in line of duty, and is therefore pensionable.

Preparing for a Bitter Winter.

The Brule Indians in South Dakota are moving their tepees to the land adjoining the agency buildings in order to receive their winter rations without having to travel any great distance. The Indians believe the coming winter will be long and severe, and are taking every precaution to avoid suffering during the winter.

CENSUS REPORT.

More Figures Showing the Growth of Towns and Cities.

The census office has announced the population of cities, town and states as follows:

Atchison, Kan., 14,222, decrease 885, per cent 5.85; Leavenworth, Kas., 21,615, increase 5,057, per cent 30.62; Lawrence, Kas., 9,975, increase 1,465, per cent 17.22; Ottawa, Kas., 6,271, increase 2,236, per cent. 55.53; Topeka, Kas., 31,809, increase 16,357, per cent 105.86; Kansas City, Kas., 38,280; increase 28,821, per cent 308; Hopkinsville, Ky., 6,457, increase 2,228, per cent 52.68; Henderson, Ky., 8,880, increase 3,465, 3,365, per cent 64.59; Owensborough, Ky., 9,818, increase 3,587, per cent 57.56; Paducah, Ky., 15,024, increase 4,988, per cent 62.07; Hastings, Neb., 13,793, increase 10,676, per cent 338.63; state of Nebraska, 1,056,705, increase 607,431, per cent 135.17; state of New Jersey, 1,441,017, increase 340,901, per cent 27.40; Appleton, Wis., 11,835, increase 3,823, per cent 47.73; Fond du Lac, Wis., 11,932, increase 1,125, per cent 8.80; Green Bay, Wis., 8,879, increase 1,415, per cent 18.96; Manitowoc, Wis., 7,525, increase 1,138, per cent 18.19; Neenah, Wis., 5,076, increase 874, per cent 20.81; Oshkosh, Wis., 22,752, increase 7,094, per cent 44.48; Portage, Wis., 5,120, increase 784, per cent 18.04; Sheboygan, Wis., 16,341, increase 9,021, per cent 123.42.

Ohio—Dayton 58,678, increase 20,190, per cent 52.50; Greenville, 5,870, increase 2,004, per cent 50.69; Kenton, 5,643, increase 1,708, per cent 43.35; Piqua 9,069, increase 3,038, per cent 50.37; Springfield, 32,737, increase 11,465, per cent 53.92; Urbana, 6,256, increase 1,867, per cent 37.50; Xenia, 8,145, increase 1,119, per cent 15.93.

Iowa—Burlington, 22,523; increase, 3,098, per cent, 15.93. Clinton, 13,623; increase, 4,577, per cent 50.61. Davenport, 25,161; increase, 3,330; per cent, 15.25. Fort Madison, 7,901; increase, 3,37; per cent, 68.07; Iowa City, 5,628; decrease, 1,405; per cent, 20.0. Keokuk, 14,424; increase, 1,565; per cent, 16.15. Lyons, 5,791; increase, 1,693; per cent, 41.42. Muscatine, 11,432; increase, 3,137; per cent, 37.52. Ottumwa, 13,996; increase, 4,992; per cent, 55.44.

West Virginia—Charleston, 6,734; increase, 2,542; per cent, 60.64. Huntington, 10,826; increase, 6,903; per cent, 217.64.

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The Treasury department is in receipt of a letter from the surveyor of customs at Albany inquiring as to what rate of duty should be imposed on sawed lumber from Canada on and after the 6th inst. The department, in a letter to the collector, said it is understood that under the laws of Canada, now in force, an export duty is charged upon spruce, pine and cedar logs and shingle bolts of pine or cedar, and that such being the case, under the provisions of paragraph 218, schedule "D" of the act of October 1, pine, spruce and cedar sawed lumber would be dutiable at the rates prescribed by the act in force prior to the 6th instant, that is, under schedule "D" of the act of March 3, 1883.

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The following named national banks have been authorized to commence business:

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Judge Lewis A. Groff, the commissioner of the general land office, has submitted to the secretary of the Interior the annual report of the operations of his bureau for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1890:

The report says that an agricultural domain of nearly nineteen million acres has, during the year, been transferred to enterprising and industrious settlers by patents issued to them, while the areas patented to the states under the swamp grant and to corporations, under special grants, have been great, although somewhat reduced, as compared with previous years.

At the same time the area of coal and mineral lands patented has been greatly increased over that of the fiscal year ended June 30, 1889. The area patented to the states, under the grants for educational and internal improvement purposes, has increased sixteen per cent.

The completed work, as shown by the facts and figures contained in this report, indicating increased population, increased coal and mineral development, and increased educational development and resources are referred to as suggestive elements in the national progress.

The class of patents known as "agricultural" includes all patents issued on final and commuted homestead entries, on pre-emption, timber, culture, desert, private cash, town site and other entries embracing land of an agricultural-non-mineral character. The number of such agricultural patents issued during the period covered by the report was 11,725,017, embracing 1,759,520 acres, as against 70,141 issued in 1889, with an aggregate area of 11,220,590. The increase for the year is, therefore, 47,106 patents and 7,536,930 acres of land. Of the number of agricultural-site patents, 1,407 were issued, showing an increase in the year of 424. Of coal patents 224 were issued.

This is an increase of 49 patents, representing 15,870 acres. As to the number of coal land patents issued, Colorado stands first with 127. The next highest is 37. Colorado also leads with 561 mineral and mill site patents. The next highest is California with 373. The state school selections aggregate 509,779 acres. The selections for the previous year aggregated only 132,350 acres. The acreage of swamp lands patented to the several states during the year was 109,391. There were patented or certified under the law, for the benefit of railroad companies, during the year 393,862 acres. This is a decrease of four thousand of 61,163 acres. Following is a statement of the acreage of public lands disposed of during the fiscal year, fractions of acres omitted:

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AN ERROR IN THE BILL.

The Rebate Clause on Manufactured Tobacco on Hand was Left Out.

The Internal Revenue department at Chicago has received information of a clerical error in the McKinley bill, recently passed, that may mean a difference of several hundred thousand dollars to the tobacco manufacturers and dealers in that district alone. The old tax on tobacco was 8 cents a pound, and the new bill provides for its reduction to 6 cents. The bill as presented to Congress and passed by that body provided that on all manufactured tobacco on hand at the time of its passage the reduction would be allowed, giving a rebate of two cents on the pound. It is reported, however, that the clerk who prepared the bill for sending to the President, omitted the clause providing for the rebate, and that the measure was engrossed and recorded without the error being noticed.

Treasury Circular.

The secretary of the Treasury has issued the following circular, offering to redeem 4½ per cent bonds:

In pursuance of the authority contained in Section 2 of the act of March 3, 1881, public notice is hereby given that until further notice the bonds of the 4½ per cent loan of 1891, acts of July 14, 1870, and January 20, 1871, will be redeemed with interest to August 31, 1891, on presentation at the Treasury department, in the city of Washington.

Bonds forwarded for redemption should be addressed to "The Secretary of the Treasury, Division of Loans, etc., Washington, D. C.," and the registered bonds should be assigned to "The secretary of the Treasury, for redemption." Assignments must be dated and properly acknowledged, as prescribed in the note printed on the back of each bond.

Where checks in payment are desired in favor of any one but the payee, the bonds should be assigned to "The Secretary of the Treasury, for redemption for account of ——," (here insert the name of the person or persons to whose order the check should be made payable).

Tariff Questions.

The Treasury department is in receipt of a letter from the surveyor of customs at Albany inquiring as to what rate of duty should be imposed on sawed lumber from Canada on and after the 6th inst. The department, in a letter to the collector, said it is understood that under the laws of Canada, now in force, an export duty is charged upon spruce, pine and cedar logs and shingle bolts of pine or cedar, and that such being the case, under the provisions of paragraph 218, schedule "D" of the act of October 1, pine, spruce and cedar sawed lumber would be dutiable at the rates prescribed by the act in force prior to the 6th instant, that is, under schedule "D" of the act of March 3, 1883.

New Banks.

The following named national banks have been authorized to commence business:

The national bank of Sioux City, at Sioux City, Iowa, capital $1,000,000; the American national bank of Salt Lake City, at Salt Lake City, Utah, capital $500,000; the First national bank of Vienna, at Vienna, Ill., capital $50,000; the Merchants' nation